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WATERLOO PUBLIC SCHOOLS

THE ROSEBUD

This Being the Tenth Annual Published the W. H. S.

NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-ONE

WATERLOO, . . INDIANA

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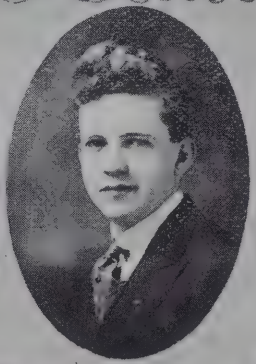
1921

By Herbert C. Willis, Printer

ROSEBUD STAFF

John M. Griffin
Asst. Editor

ERDA ROBINSON
EDITOR



HERBERT G. WILLIS
BUS. MGR.

Robert Bonfiglio
Adv. Mgr.

Carolyn Opdycke
Circulation

Edna Lockhart
Alumni

Fredrica Frick
Society

Lucile Whaling
Art

Beneta Farrington
Snap Shots

Helen Dannells
Calendar

Martha Carper
Jokes

Hugh Farrington
Asst Circulation

Thelma Till
Athletics

Elsta Moudy
All Sorts

Lynden Burtzner
Asst. Jokes

PREFACE

In years to come when we leaf through these pages in memory we will be carried back to those happy days in the W. H. S., back to our old school mates and teachers, and again we will laugh over the different happenings recalled by this book.

It has meant hard work and earnest effort on the part of each student to publish this Annual, but we care not for the work so long as the Annual is a success. We hope that each and every reader will find something interesting and something worth while in this book, because if they do we will consider none of our efforts wasted.

We wish to thank both the teachers and underclassmen for the help which they have given us, for without their aid it would be impossible for us to publish an Annual.

We have tried to maintain the high standard set by previous Senior classes of the W. H. S. in the publication of Annuals.

THE EDITOR.

DEDICATION

To parents dear, we dedicate
These wise and foolish notions
To show them we appreciate
Their kindness and devotions.
In sending us to school each day,
To there partake of knowledge.
We wish to thank you one and all
As now we leave for college.

The Custodian

Mr. Fred Bowman

The Janitor's a jolly gink,
He sweeps the floor and scrubs the sink;
He rings the bell and sounds the gong,
And then sits down to hum a song.
And when his long day's work is done
And he sees the setting of the sun,
He then sits down in peace, content,
He knows his day has been well spent.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

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HOW WE LOOKED WHEN WE WERE FRESHMEN

ALFRED L. MOUDY, B. S.
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Graduate Tri-State College
Special Work Columbia University
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MILDRED C. KROFT, A. B.

Principal

Graduate Indiana University

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MISS ESTHER KOONS, B. S.

Graduate Purdue University

Home Economics

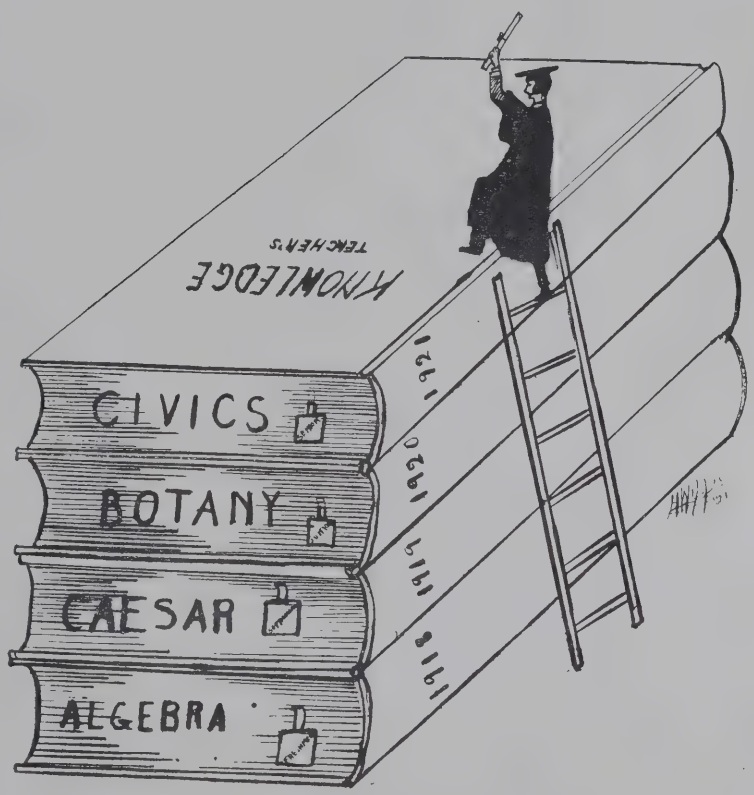
MISS WILMA COY

Supervisor's Course in Music and Art
Tri-State College
Special Work Northwestern University

Music and Art

Seniors

VENI! VIDI! VICI!



SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

President .....Edna Lockhart
Vice-President.....John McGiffin
Secretary and Treasurer.....Thelma Till
Historian .....Fredrice Frick
Poet .....John McGiffin

Motto

"Now or Never."

Class Colors
Maroon and Gold.

Class Flower
White Rose

Class Yell

Zipity zaw! Zipity Zaw!
'21, '21. Raw! Raw! Raw!
"Now or never"
That's our call!
Seniors! Seniors!
One and all!

SENIOR CLASS POEM

Farewell we say to this old school,
For Seniors now are we,
We'll ne'er forget or 'ere regret
The hours we spent in thee.

And when we launch out on life's sea,
And have our fortunes sought,
Then we'll look back on thee, old school,
Where destinies are wrought.

We'll think of thee, oh! heap o' brick,
As a celestial tower,
Where teachers few, of a true blue
Have helped us every hour.

It is with many sorrows, school,
That we now say good-bye,
For we now leave the welcome doors of
Dear old Waterloo High.

CLASS HISTORY (SENIOR)

Well, Seniors, here we are at the end of our High School days. Have you ever stopped to think of your first day in High School, and how you happened to be there? Let me tell you my experience.

Some four years ago, on a September day, I happened to be up-town, all thoughts of school having escaped my mind. The loud ringing of a bell attracted my attention, and I saw a crowd of bright and happy looking young folks going west. If it wasn't my old friends of the grammar school. Upon asking where they were going, they told me to follow and see.

When we turned in at the school house I remembered it was the first day of school and of course they had a good laugh at my forgetfulness.

We were Freshmen, and I'll confess, I was shaking not a little over the fact. But when we opened the door and were greeted with loud applause and a very pretty notice on the board saying, "All green worms crawl this way," I turned cold.

However, with heads held high, we took our places on the west side of the room, and with hard work we have each year climbed higher on the ladder of success.

Fifteen of our happy crowd of twenty-three are leaving together to find out in God's great world what he has hidden there for us.

Many were our trials and troubles, but with the help of the old maxim, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and our kind teachers we overcame them all.

Not all our days were cloudy, however, for our good times were many. We had parties of every description and some among our crowd were never too busy to tell a joke.

We have always taken our part in society work, plays and operettas on the level with our upper classmen.

I am sure we can all say our High School days have been a pleasure and success.

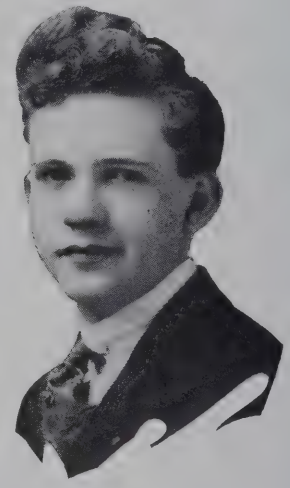
When you come to the end of a perfect day, pals, and you sit alone with your thoughts, remember our High School days and your friend and classmate.

FREDRICE FRICK, '21.

ERDA ROBINSON ("ROB")

February 3, 1903.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Ciceronian.
Valedictorian.
Editor in Chief of Rosebud.
Vice-President C. L. S., '20.
Class President, '19.
Class Executive Committee, '21.

Knowledge is proud that she has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more.



HERBERT WILLIS ("XMAS")

November 21, 1904.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Zedalethean.
Salutatorian.
Business Manager Rosebud.
President Z. L. S., '21.
Sergeant Z. L. S., '17.
Publicity Manager "Fi-Fi," '21.

Though last, not least, in love,
I do not set my life at a pin's fee.

JOHN MGIFFIN ("MAC")

December 6, 1903.
Corunna, Indiana.
W. H. S., '20-'21.
Ciceronian.
President C. L. S., '21.
Vice-President of Class, '21.
Class Poet, '21.
Assistant Editor of Rosebud, '21.
Class Executive Committee, '21.
Finance Manager of "Fi-Fi," '21.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

EDNA LOCKHART ("PEGGY")

April 6, 1902.
Helmer, Indiana.
W. H. S., '20-'21.
Zedalethean.
Secretary Z. L. S., '20.
Class President, '21.
Class Executive Committee, '21.
Chairman Talent Committee "Fi-Fi," '21.
Alumni Rosebud, '21.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye;
In every gesture, dignity and love.

CAROLYN OPDYCKE ("K-LINE")

November 14, 1902.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S., '19-'21.
Secretary Class, '20.
Secretary C. L. S., '20.
Circulation Manager of Rosebud, '21.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

ROBERT BONFIGLIO ("BOB")

August 28, 1902.
Adrian, Mich.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Ciceronian.
Vice-President C. L. S., '21.
Sergeant-at-arms, '17.
Center Basket Ball Team, '20-'21.
Advertising Solicitor of Rosebud, '21.
Assistant Finance Manager "Fi Fi."

When I said I would die a bachelor
I did not think I should live 'till
I were married.

BENETAH FARRINGTON ("NETA")

January 30, 1904.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Zedalethean.
Forward Girls' Basket Ball Team, '20-'21.
Snap Shots Rosebud, '21.

As merry as the day is long.

HELEN DANNELLS ("HECKY")

April 1, 1903.
Butler, Indiana.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Zedalethean.
President Z. L. S., '21.
Vice-President Z. L. S., '20.
President of Class, '20.
Z. L. S. Editor Rosebud, '21.
Calendar Editor Rosebud '21.

But to know her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.

LUCILE WHALING ("PHIZ")

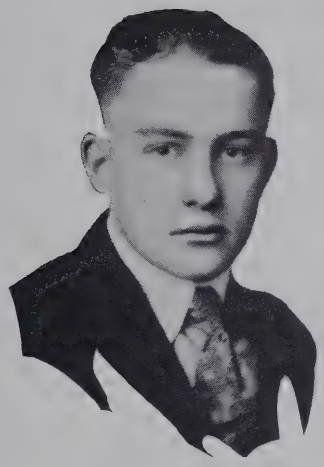
July 19, 1903.
Denver, Colorado.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Zedalethean.
Art Editor of Rosebud, '21.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

FREDRICE FRICK ("TED")

August 26, 1903.
Kendallville, Indiana.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Ciceronian.
President C. L. S., '20.
Class Historian, '21.
C. L. S. Editor for Rosebud, '21.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.



LYNDES BURTZNER ("LYN")

October 3, 1903.
Laotto, Indiana.
W. H. S., '20-'21.
Zedalethean.
Assistant Joke Editor of Rosebud, '21.

A happy-go-lucky specie of crab.

MARTHA CARPER ("MARSIE")

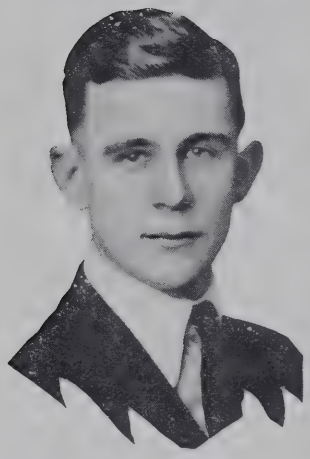
September 14, 1902.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Zedalethean.
Joke Editor Rosebud, '21.

Her brown eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

ELSTA MOUDY ("MOUDY")

March 21, 1902.
Auburn, Indiana.
W. H. S., '18 and '21.
Ciceronian.
Secretary C. L. S., '21.
Secretary of Class, '18.
All Sorts Editor Rosebud, '21.
Secretary and Treasurer W. H. S. A. A., '21.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.



HUGH FARRINGTON ("LOU")

April 19, 1902.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Ciceronian.
Class Treasurer, '21.
Assistant Circulation Manager Rosebud, '21.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

THELMA TILL ("SAL")

May 21, 1902.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S., '18-'21.
Zedalethean.
Secretary Class of '21.
Captain and Side Center Girls' B. B. Team, '19-'20-'21.
Girls' Athletics Rosebud, '21.

O happiness! Our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! Whate'er thy name.

"FI FI OF THE TOY SHOP" Feb. 17-18

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bonnie, the toymaker's little girl ..... Thelma Till
Tack Hammer, the old toymaker ..... Hugh Farrington

FAIRIES

Man-in the-Moon, a heart breaking flirt ..... Herbert Willis
Aurelia, the witch. ..... Elsta Moudy
Aurelia, the Fairy Queen ..... Edna Lockhart
The Sandman ..... Herbert Willis

DOLLS

Fi-Fi, a flirting French doll ..... Fredrice Frick
Prince Lolly Pop, a gentleman doll of the false lover type ..... John K. McGiffin
Lieut. Tin Heart, a tin soldier and true lover ..... Dawson Quaintance
Ink Spot, the black doll ..... Lucile Whaling
Loosey, the rag doll ..... Helen Dannells
Capt. Barnacle, an Irish sailor doll devoted to Loosey ..... Robert H. Bonfiglio
Bo Peep, the Mother Goose doll ..... Carolyn Opdyke
Talking Doll ..... Erda Robinson
Laughing Doll's Head ..... Benetah Farrington
Jap Doll ..... Martha Carper
Clown ..... Lyndes Burtzner

Commencement Week

Calendar

Sunday, May 22, 7:30 p. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon in U. B. Church
L. M. Sniff, A. M., President Tri-State College

Tuesday, May 24, 8:00 p. m.—Junior–Senior Reception
Home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Goodwin

Thursday, May 26, 8:00 p. m.—Commencement
United Brethren Church

□ □ □

Programme

Music, selected - - - - Waterloo Orchestra

Invocation, Rev. W. B. Taylor

Music, selected - - - - Waterloo Orchestra

SALUTATORY - - - - - HERBERT G. WILLIS

CLASS ADDRESS—"Some Philosophies of Life"
Albert Stump, Indianapolis.

Music - - - - - Waterloo Orchestra

VALEDICTORY - - - - ERDA E. ROBINSON

Presentation of Diplomas - Superintendent A. L. Moudy

Music - - - - - Waterloo Orchestra

Benediction, Rev. M. R. Peirce

Juniors

JUNIOR CLASS

Class Organization

President .....Aileen Fisher
Vice-President .....Irene Widdicombe
Secretary and Treasurer.....Jack Parks
Historian .....Ruby Shultz
Poet .....Irene Widdicombe

Class Colors	Class Flower
Green and Gray	Lily of the Valley

Class Yell

Hooli-ja-lick! Hooli-ja-lack!
Skin-em-arick! Skin-em arack!
Boom! Bah! Philippity phlop.
'22 is always on top!

Class Roll

Ruby Schultz
Mary Speer
Kenneth Fee
Waldo Hamman
Myrtle Hamman
Harold Walker
Aileen Fisher
Genevieve Gloy
Irene Widdicombe
Blanche Bainbridge
Rose Childs
Clark Ayres
Ralph Ayres
Jack Parks
Clarence Gfeller
David Eberly
Wayne Goodwin
Bessie Till
Flora Dixon
Sylvester Reinig
Glenn Daniels
Dawson Quaintance

CLASS POEM

We're a class that's tried and true,
A class that's all true blue,
Where each one does his very best,
Our class of twenty-two.

It was in the fall, nineteen eighteen
That we, as Freshmen, first were seen,
And then they thought us rather green,
Our class of twenty-two.

We show up everywhere around,
In society office we've held our round,
In basket ball we can be found
Our class of twenty-two.

Oh we're all right, they tease us some,
Or try to, but it's just the scum
Who try to put us on the bum,
Our class of twenty-two.

There's just one thing we have to say
If we were asked this very day
Our place to change with the Seniors, we'd say
Give us our class of twenty-two!

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

It was a foggy September day when the Class of 1922, represented by twenty-seven enterprising little Freshmen found their way into the assembly room of the W. H. S. There were twelve graduates of the Waterloo grammar schools and the rest came from the rural districts. We were rather embarrassed at first, but before long the bright green color wore off, we adjusted ourselves to our surroundings and became a part of the Waterloo High School, which we were soon to love so dearly.

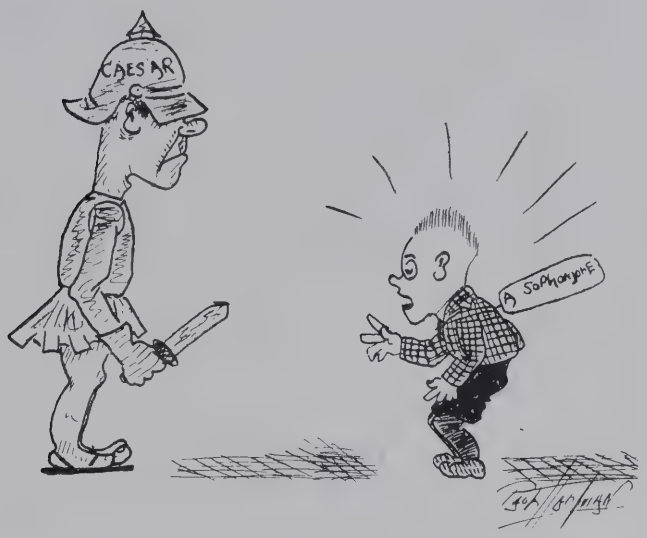
We took an active part in the literary work and in the athletic associations. During the year two members of the class discontinued their work, leaving us an enrollment of twenty-five at the close of the term.

In the fall of 1919 we again took our places in the assembly room, but this time as Sophomores. We realized that we were on the second rung of the ladder of knowledge and resolved to do our best to ascend. During the Sophomore year one new member entered the class and three departed from our ranks.

Now, as Juniors we're a jolly bunch and we've been trying all year to do all we can to help the good old W. H. S. along. We have a good representation in both girls' and boys' basket ball teams. We take a leading part in the entertainments given by the literary societies and are well represented in the high school orchestra.

Next year we will be Seniors and after that we will enter into the wide world to seek our fortunes. We hope that in after life we will never forget the training we received in the W. H. S. and there is no doubt that we will look back on our high school days as the happiest days of our lives.

RUBY SHULTZ, '22.



SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

The Sophomore Class of the
Waterloo High School
Has just enough pep
And punch
To be called the best class in school.

They are always at the
Front in anything there
Is to do.
They never shirk,
Nor drag, nor lean.

And the jolly class of Sophomores or
The class of "23,"
Will reach its goal
After two more years
Of hard work.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Class Organization

President .....Irene Fee
Vice-President .....Paul Hartman
Secretary and Treasurer.....Justin Girardot
Poet .....Alfred Kelly
Historian .....Aileen Fee

Class Colors	Class Flower
Old Rose and Gold	Pink Carnation

Motto

"Vincit Qui Patiton—He conquers who endures."

Class Yell

Zisly, zisly, zip!
He! Ki! He! Ki! Flippity Flip!
Zip, zam! Zip, zam! Zip, zam! Bah!
Waterloo Sophomore! Rah! Rah! Rah

Class Roll

Cyrille Duncan
Justin Girardot
Alfred Kelley
Carl Till
Kenneth Henny
Albert Weicht
Harold Hamman
Paul Hartman
Edna Forrest
Mildred Snyder
Russell Walker
Irene Duesler
Ruth Bullard
Rosana Castret
Aileen Fee
Richard Dannells
Irene Fee
Marguerite Hamman

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

We, the class of twenty-three, started our career on the eighth of September, 1919, with twenty-seven bright green Freshmen, fifteen girls and twelve boys. Though we were small we made them take notice of us as we were well represented in the girls' basket ball team and in the boys' second team. We closed the year with only one having left our ranks.

We started our Sophomore year with twenty industrious boys and girls, nine from town and eleven from the country. We took our place in athletics and furnished officers for the societies. We also took part in "Fi Fi of the Toy Shop." After Christmas two of our members quit school, leaving us an enrollment of eighteen to end our happy Sophomore year.

AILEEN FEE, '23.

n a m h s e r F

FRESHMAN CLASS

Class Organization

President .....Mary Bonfigilo
Secretary and Treasurer.....Hattie Dixon
Historian .....Wilbur Hamman
Poet .....Grace Knott

Cream and Brown — Class Colors
Class Flower — Lily of Valley

Motto

Onward is Our Aim.

Class Yell

Zippity, zippity, zippity, za!
Flippity, flippity, flippity, fla.
Are we in it,
Well I guess.
We're the freshmen of the W. H. S.

Class Roll

Oliver Opdycke
Curtis Hawk
Raymond Bonecutter
Ruth Wing
Ethel Bowman
Alma Dunn
Mary Bonfiglio
Grace Knott
Helen Miller
Charles Wolfe
Hattie Dixon
Irene Griffin
Mary Hanes
Iva Mergy
Forrest Zerkle
Keith DeLong
Gertrude Newcomer
Wilbur Hamman
Kenneth Ridge
Henry Delong

FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

When we entered school last autumn,
As the Class of '24,
Many things loomed up before us,
Difficulties, work galore.

But we started in to beat them,
In our bashful sort of way,
We sacrificed much pleasure
And success has been our pay.

Now don't think we had no troubles,
For we found them in our work,
Success was never known to come
To those who loved to shirk.

When our high school work is finished,
And we reach the Senior round,
We will look back on the pleasures
That we, when Freshmen, found.

GRACE KNOTT, '24.

CLASS HISTORY

On September 13, 1920, twenty stupid boys and girls found their way to the Waterloo High School building. After entering the building we occupied the seats on the west side of the room. At first we were very dull, but we soon became accustomed to the school and its work. We now think ourselves as good as the Seniors. In our class there are nine boys and eleven girls, making a total of twenty Freshmen. Nine of these graduated from the Waterloo Grammar School. The Waterloo graduates are the following:

Grace Knott	Mary Hanes	Iva Mergy
Ethel Bowman	Forrest Zerkle	Oliver Opdycke
Ruth Wing	Irene Griffin	Mary Bonfiglio

They all live in Waterloo excepting Oliver Opdycke, who comes from the country.

Those that graduated from the country schools are the following:

Charles Wolfe	Henry DeLong	Keith DeLong
Kenneth Ridge	Hattie Dixon	Raymond Bonecutter
Helen Miller	Gertrude Newcomer	Curtis Hawk
Alma Dunn	Wilbur Hamman	

Charles, Hattie, Kenneth, Raymond, Gertrude, Helen and Wilbur are graduates from Franklin Township. Keith, Henry and Curtis are from near Corunna. Alma is from Grant Township.

We are proud of our position in the W. H. S. and are looking forward to the year of '24 when we may be graduates of the Waterloo High School.

FRESHMAN CLASS,

MARY BONFIGLIO, President
HATTIE DIXON, Secretary.

Eighth Grade

President.....Elizabeth Warner
Secretary-Treasurer.....Virginia Newcomer
Poet.....Fisher Quaintance
Historian.....John Showalter

Motto

Safety First

Colors

Old Rose and Green

Flower

Lilies-of-the-valley

Yell

Ching-a-langa, Ching-a-langa!
Yell till you burst—
Come, girls, come, boys, "safety first."
Yell, girls, yell, boys, yell like all alive
Well, girls, wel, boys, we're the class of '25.
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Class Roll

Clair Dreher	Harry Dunn	Elizabeth Warner
John Showalter	Virginia Newcomer	Faye Bullard
Harriett Bowman	Fisher Quaintance	Elinor Meyer
Charles Smalley	Grant Kelly	Violet Eberly

Eighth Grade History

We, the eighth grade, gathered at the old schoolhouse Sept. 13, 1920, to continue our upward climb for knowledge, with three new members. At the beginning of the year we had enrollment of twelve, and it has remained so throughout the year. We took part in some athletic games. We had the privilege of practicing in the town hall every Monday evening.

After examination we were kept anxiously waiting for some time until Mr. Moudy had our papers graded. We expect to be laughed at next year, but are doing our best to fulfill our motto—"Safety First."

JOHN P. SHOWALTER, Historian.

Class Poem

A Waterloo eighth grader everyone knows,
Is attentive and good, and everything goes
With them and their teacher, superintendent and all.
And they always do right or they don't do at all.

They have built their foundation with toil and with care.
They shouldered their burdens, their troubles they bear.
Forever they're striving to prepare for the struggle,
To be their own teacher, to bear their own trouble.

Their knowledge stays with them;
They use tongue and pen.
They keep right on going, though the roads may be rough,
For a Waterloo eighth grader won't say enough.

The pathway to fame is both rugged and hard,
But a sure way to get there is to stand your own guard.
So keep right on going along life's hard trail,
And never, oh, never, say fail.

—FISHER QUAINTANCE.

Seventh Grade

BERTHA ETTINGER
Seventh and Eighth Grades

Ruth Thomas, Earl Griffin, Ernest Sevelin, Helen Fisher, Marguerite Gill, Katherine Fee, Doris McIntosh, Reginald Goodwin, Walter Sibert, Alfred Bixler, Geraldine Norton, Jay Hollinger, Bertha Geeting, Harold Girardot, Nellie Sherwood, Florence Gloy, Harold Christoffel, Faye Dunn, James Duncan, Richard O'Brien, Almond Frick, Sheldon Hine, Mabel Pontius, William Warner, Helen Beck, Louise Wise, Mary Clark, Julia Duncan, Ruth Taylor.

Fifth Grade

CORA STANLEY

Sixth Grade

Clyde Bryant, Donald Byers, Maggie Bell, Daniel Castret, Ruth Clark, Robert Crooks, Florence Dreher, Opal Hollinger, Celestia Hanes, Luther Hallett, Agnes Kline, Paul Mergy, Arling McIntosh, Dorcas Rufner, Florence Rosenbury, Bruce Shugart, Eugene Showalter, Wilson Shaffer, Buel Smalley, Wayne Voss Ora Zerkle.

Harry Beard, Cleo Compton, Lyle DeLong, Charles Dunn, Rutheda Farrington, Dorothy Gingrich, Floyd Heighn, John Kennedy, Harold Moyer, Howard Kline, Gerald Gill, Iris Meyers, Clayton Pontius, Charles Price, Claude Spackey, Roy Smalley, Aileen Smith, Maxine Voss, Walter Wing, Edward Frick, Martha Griffin.

Third Grade *Fourth Grade*

LAURETTA GFELLER
Third and Fourth Grades

Daisy Bowman, Virginia Bachtel, Loraine Bixler, Myrtle Castret, Wayne Crooks, Mary Duncan, Ruby Dreher, Bessie Frazier, Ralph Frick, Alfred Fisher, Edna Geeting, Louise Girardot, Marjorie June Goodwin, Georgia Kline, Bradford McIntosh, Vivian McBride, Eston Mergy, Russell Marks, Irene Oyler, Ethel Prang, Eloise Swartz, Louise Stevenson, Ned Stoiber, Mowitza Hood.
Louise Gill, Thelma Farrington, Ruth Bell, Phyllis Derthick, Harold Griffin, Earleen Heighn, Wilbur Kimmell, Emanuel Kistler, Delos Kohl, Coletta Morrison, Eunice Rufner, Mildred Stevenson, Rillie Tracy, Erwin Tracy, Paul Wing, Vivian Wing.

Second Grade

HELEN EBERLY
Second Grade

Muriel Beard, James Bricker, Helen Bryant, Charles Bowman, Vancenza Fioretto, Audrey Gloy, Alma Marks, Raymond Marks, Merl Myers, Helen Smalley, Clair Walker, Clayton Warner, Nellie Frick, Wayne Beard, Opal Bricker, Esther Burns, Edith Kline, Virgil Compton, Charlie Dreher, Geraldine Fee, Nuzio Fioretto, Gerald Griffin, Goldia Keller, Frank Koon, Gloyd Marks, Wilbur McIntosh, Geneva McBride, Edna Melton, Nathan Rufner, Albert Salzman, Charles Wilson, Edith Bell.

First thirteen names are third grade pupils.

First *Grade*

ERMA HOLLOPETER

Margaret Betts, Vivian Beard, Clarence Beard, Wagner Burns, Lolene Derthick, Dorothy Ellen Goodwin, Kathryn Girardot, Carl Geeting, Florence Hamman, Ralph Imes, Perry Johnson, Lois Johnson, Forest Kistler, Vera Kester, Vernie Kennedy, Vernie Keller, Hilda Kohl, Thelma Luce, Vinnie Harriette Meyer, Helen Moyer, Ned McIntosh, Maxine McEntarfer, Ruth Parks, Howard Quaintance, Donald Stevenson, Harry Salzman, Wayne Brown, Clyde Musser, Vera Bell, Anna Morr.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Kenneth Fee, Capt. ..... Forwards ..... Ralph Ayers
Robert H. Bonfiglio, Center.
Clark Ayers ..... Guards ..... David Eberly
Justin Girardot, Wayne Goodwin, Alfred Kelley, Substitutes.
Lysle R. Willey, Coach.

The season was started on the outdoor court where a few practice games were played between classes. Coach Willey purchased a ball for practice. Outside practices were held until the Town Hall was obtained by consent of the town council. Many boys turned out to try for the team and finally the following team was organized: Justin Girardot and John Forney, forwards; Robert Bonfiglio, center; and Kenneth Fee and Ralph Ayers, guards, with Alfred Kelley and David Eberly as substitutes. With two nights practice we played the fast team from Ligonier, losing a hard fought game 16 to 10. The Ligonier lads had three weeks practice, to which we owe our defeat mainly.

Our second game was with Auburn, our back door neighbors. It was sure some game. Our stonewall defense held them powerless while our scoring machine piled up the count on them, the game ending in a score of 22-9 in our favor. Forney was the star of the game, hitting the hoop from all angles, being ably assisted by Girardot. The lineup for the game was as follows:

Forney	F	Brown
Girardot	F	Watson
Bonfiglio	C	Franz
Fee	G	Collette
Ayers	G	Browand

The next week we went to St. Joe and due to poor refereeing and poor lights we were defeated. You could barely see a player from one end of the floor to the other, which accounts for our defeat. The score was 24-16.

Next we played a return game with Auburn. Being over-confident and out of luck we lost this game. In this game we wore our new suits, which were presented to us by S. L. Goodwin. All the team thank Mr. Goodwin and appreciate his gift very much. The lineup in the Auburn game was the same as in the first game with them.

Eight suits were purchased. Wayne Goodwin suddenly took an interest in basket ball and came out to practice. He showed fine work and was put on as a sub guard.

The next game was with Ashley, which we easily won, 38-16. Before the Ashley game a shake-up was made in the lineup. Eberly, sub guard displayed unusually good work in practice and was placed on the regular team as back guard. Fee, guard, showed an eye for basket shooting and was switched to forward. The team thus arranged showed better teamwork and a better offense as well as defense.

The following Friday we journeyed to Angola to play the district champs. Angola lost only one man by graduation and had practically the same team that copped the championship last year. Their floor was much larger than ours and their baskets were set firmly against the wall which we were not used too. We were lost with Coach Willey and even though the boys played a hard game they lost it 31-13. The lineup for the Angola game was as follows:

Forney	F	Crain
Ayers	F	Graf
Bonfiglio	C	Cramer
Fee	G	Pillsbury
Eberly	G	Wood

The following Wednesday Angola played a return game with us here. Getting them on our own floor we played all around them, trimming them to the tune of 28-16. The Waterloo team displayed the best team work of the year and the fans said that it was the fastest game ever played on the Waterloo floor. The lineup was changed from that of the first game and read as follows:

Forney	F	Lampman
Fee	F	Graf
Bonfiglio	C	Crain
Ayers	G	Wood
Eberly	G	Finch

The next week we met Pleasant Lake on their own floor and carried off the honors by a one-sided count of 32-15. On the next Friday night Hudson journeyed down to play us. We won easily by the score of 28-19. And then came Garrett to whom we handed a neat defeat of 32 to 20. We massed a big lead and then put in all the subs to give them a chance to play before a crowd.

The Friday following the Garrett game we drove to Ligonier. It certainly was some trip. (Ask any of those who made it.) The trip was made in Mr. Goodwin's Cole Eight, Mr. Moudy's Auburn Six, and Mr. Matson's Ford (Four). The game was a fast one and we were forced to exert every inch of energy to win. The final score was 19 to 18 in our favor and at the end of the game both teams were battling furiously at the sound of the gun.

Butler came over the next week and having won five straight games we became over-confident again and lost to the Butler five 21-30. The next week Pleasant Lake played us a return here. Again we were on the long end of a 34-5 count. We ran in all of the subs in this game.

Something happened to the team at this time which crippled them very much. John Forney, one of our forwards, quit school. This hurt the team a great deal as he played a good game at forward. We replaced him with Girardot, who played a very creditable game at the forward position. Clark Ayers, who showed some good playing in practice was given a suit and took his place as sub guard.

Our lineup at Ligonier was:

Forney	F	Clandion
Fee	F	Longnecker
Bonfiglio	C	Blue
Ayers	G	Cornelius
Eberly	G	Grubbs

The following Friday we played Ashley there and not having fully recovered

from the loss of Forney we lost by the close score of 28-27. The Ashley floor was only about half the size of the Waterloo hall, which partially accounts for the defeat . The next week we played St. Joe here. We played in hard luck that night, hardly able to hit the basket. We played a hard fought game and emerged victors by a count of 20-23.

On Friday next we went to Pleasant Lake to play Salem Center and won after a hard game by a 28 to 22 score. The next week we drove to Butler to play a return game with them. This was our chance to get revenge and we beat them by a large count of 36-22. Fee starred in this game, accounting for twenty-six of the team's thirty-six points. And then we played the fast team from Flint. In a fast and exciting game we beat them 32 to 31.

The Friday following the Flint game we played Salem here. Our boys played a slow and listless game, being unable to get together and as a result we lost by the close score of 22-20. The next Saturday we journeyed to Churubusco to play their fast team. They defeated us by a 31-11 score.

The next Wednesday we went to Garrett. The floor was very slippery and the refereeing was not of the best, combined with irregular practice caused our defeat by the score 22-16. The next Friday night Churubusco came for their return game. When they got on a real floor with a real referee and the best of lights they went wild and we left them way behind us, 19 to 11, getting even with them for the victory over us the week before. This was the last regular game that we played. And then came the tournament.

On the 4th and 5th of March, the district tournament was held at Auburn with sixteen teams competing. Our first game was with Howe on the night of the fourth at 7:30. We had never heard of the Howe team before and did not know what sort of a bunch they had. Well, they sure gave us a hard game, as they were all six footers, but we beat them 24-14. The team work and basket shooting of the Waterloo boys were excellent that night, which accounts for the victory over the Lima team. The next morning we played Ashley. It was a hard fought game, but we defeated them 13 to 10. Oh but the Ashley bunch were sick.

In the afternoon we played Hudson. Hudson was an old rival of ours, having eliminated us in the last year's tourney, and we were determined not to let them turn the trick again. But it was no use. Every man on the team was dead tired. Hudson had only played one game, as the Salem-Hudson game had been forfeited to them and we had played two games, which had worn us out, while Hudson had only one game with Butler in the morning. Well, the first half ended 7-4 in Hudson's favor. After the rest period we tied them 7 and, and kept even with them until the latter part of the game. Then the strenuous work of the three games began to tell on us and they went around us, winning 24-11. It was a hard fought game and we might have won if Hudson had played the same number of games that we did. All in all this year's basket ball has been very successful and we hope that the next year's team will hold up the good record made by this year's team.

ROBERT H. BONFIGLIO, '21.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

At the beginning of the year the athletic spirit ran high, because they needed one new player. Moudy came out for jumping center, and practice began in earnest. Two evenings of each week were set aside for practice. Miss Kroft was asked to be the coach; she gave the girls very good instruction, telling them their aim was to play clean and square. This they never forgot while playing.

With Farrington and Fee at forward, Till and Fee at guard, Moudy and Till at center, the team gave many swift passes, which made the opponents stop and look. Speer proved to be a very good guard and jumping center, subbing for Fee and Moudy.

Three girls on the team are graduates, but there is some very good material in the W. H. S. and with earnest practice they can have a team with good standard.

The lineup is as follows: Forwards, Aileen Fee, Benetah Farrington; guards, Irene Fee, Bessie Till, Mary Speer; centers, Elsta Moudy, Thelma Till, Captain.

Tim.

Aileen is a forward of renown and fame
With her on the floor, we are sure of the game.

Neta.

Benetah, our forward so big and so strong,
When she's in the game our foes don't last long.

Moudy.

Elsta, our center, is surely a star,
She beats all opponents from near and from far.

Sal.

Side center and Captain, she is always there,
And plays her opponents a game that is square.

Fee.

Irene is so small and so swift on her feet,
When it comes to guarding, she's never been beat.

Bep.

Bessie, though small, is a striking good guard,
She's always right there and plays the game hard.

Sub.

If some one is injured, we have not a fear,
For we have a sub named Mary A. Speer.

Scores.

Waterloo	13	Auburn	18
Waterloo	23	Auburn	18
Waterloo	18	Butler	11
Waterloo	11	Ligonier	22
Waterloo	20	Garrett	10
Waterloo	7	Ligonier	16
Waterloo	12	Butler	21
Waterloo	8	Garrett	33
Seniors	16	Underclassmen	7
Zedas	23-19	Cicies	15-11
Town	14	Country	8

THELMA TILL, '21.

Some Unnatural Poses Observed at the Rhetoricals

ZEDALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The programs given by the Zedaletheans this year were very good. Each program given has been just a little better than the one that preceded it, thus showing that we are capable of even better things in the future. The students are beginning to see that it is for their benefit that the programs are given. Teaching the students to develop their talents and use their education to some advantage are some of the aims of the society. For what good is an education if you are not able to use it?

On March the eighteenth we gave a party to the Cicies in honor of St. Patrick's Day. The rooms were decorated in green and white and in our games and luncheon we endeavored to carry out the idea of St. Patrick.

□ □ □

Inaugural Address

Fellow Zedaletheans, Members of the Faculty and Friends:

I can not truly say that I thank you for this office as I feel that there are others far more capable of holding it than I, but, as I have been elected I will try to faithfully execute my duties.

This year we must keep the society up to its old standard and if possible go beyond it. In order to do this everyone must help. When we assign you a part on the program do not wait until the morning before the program to get it but commence to prepare it as soon as it is given to you. If you wait till the last minute you can not expect to give good programs as everyone knows that something which is gotten up in a hurry is not as good as if time and thought had been given it. Therefore, fellow Zedaletheans, if we want to make our society the best ever, we must get out and push.

President .....Helen Dannells
Vice-President .....Aileen Fisher
Secretary and Treasurer.....Edna Lockhart
Sergeant .....Mary Bonfiglio

□ □ □

Inaugural Address

Fellow Zedaletheans, Schoolmates and Friends:

I consider this office of president of the Zedalethean Literary Society to be the greatest honor that a body of students in the W. H. S. can confer upon one of their number. I wish to heartily thank you, fellow Zedas, for this position of honor and confidence that you have bestowed on me. It is my aim as president of this society to raise the standard of the society higher than it has ever been heretofore. I believe that you are all aware that this is only possible through the aid and loyal support of every Zedalethean. This does not mean only a few. One dull person can spoil a whole party; one poor number can kill

CICERONIAN SOCIETY

ZEDALETHEAN SOCIETY

a whole program; we must have the assistance of all in order to make anything a success.

The retiring officers are to be greatly congratulated on their success during the first semester. I know what hardships they have passed through in arranging and presenting their programs and I can say that their success is certainly a thing for them to be proud of.

A short time ago it was my privilege to visit the Arsenal Technical High School of Indianapolis. This is a school of about three or four thousand students and in a great body like that one could not expect to know more than a few of those around him. Yet the thing that is most noticeable is the school spirit. Whenever a student body decides to do anything the entire student body gets behind it and pushes it. Now, in a small school where everyone in school knows everyone else, the spirit should be very much greater than in such a large school.

Never say "I can't." You can do anything that you want to do if you want to do it bad enough. The program committee knows what you are capable of doing before you are assigned your parts. Then if you have an excuse that for any special reason you cannot do what you are asked to do, and if your excuse is reasonable we will gladly let you off. But if you cannot get excused don't go and quit school because of that. Don't let people say, "He was a quitter." If you once start a thing finish it. Never start a thing unless you can do it, but once it is started then "stick it out." Remember this, you are never beaten until you admit it.

So then here's to the Z. L. S.
Here's to that good old bunch;
Here's to the old Society,
The one with the Pep and Punch.
I thank you,

President .....Herbert G. Willis, '21
Vice-President .....Aileen Fisher
Secretary and Treasurer.....Aileen Fee
Sergeant .....Ivy Mergy

□ □ □

CICERONIAN SOCIETY

Of course, you have heard of our High School, but have you heard of our societies? They are called Ciceronian and Zedalethean. We think the Ciceronian is far the better, so you can probably guess which society I am going to tell you about.

The Ciceronian Society was organized in 1910 and with the hard work of the officers and hearty co-operation of all members its standard has each year been raised.

It has always been our aim to make our programs not only interesting but instructive. A friendly rivalry is kept up between the two societies.

The officers of the first semester were: President, Fredrice Frick; secretary, Irene Fee, and of the second semester, president, John McGiffin; secretary, Elsta Moudy.

The programs have been given this year and a Hallowe'en party was given, to which the Zedalethean Society and faculty were invited.

In behalf of the Ciceronian Society, I wish to thank each member for your help this year and also the parents and friends who attended our programs and took such kindly interest in our work.

I sincerely hope our society in years to come will continue to climb upward.

FREDRICE FRICK, '21.

□ □ □

Inaugural Address

Friends:

I am not going to tell you how I thank you, for I have already thanked you, nor how I am going to do my best, for I have done my best and so have all those who are on this program today.

I am going to talk about what is dearest to all of us—our town. We all like to think about the good things of our town, and it is right we should, for we have many good things to think about. Among them are churches, good citizens, library, which is not only beautiful but helpful, especially to our young folks, and best of all our school, I mean, of course, what is taught, not the building.

However, there are many things which should be improved. We should have paved streets, a park, some sort of good clean amusement for young folks, and a new school building. If we are to do better work, we must have a better place in which to do it.

We must be interested in these things, for we are the citizens of tomorrow, so let us all do our very best toward making our town what we would have it.

I thank you.

President .....Fredrice Frick, '21
Vice-President .....Erda Robinson
Secretary and Treasurer.....Irene Fee
Sergeant at arms.....Forrest Zerkle

□ □ □

Inaugural Address

Friends:

I believe that it is customary and expected that on this occasion I express to the society my deep appreciation of the honor they have conferred upon me and the confidence they have reposed in me. In its narrower sense that term "appreciation" is a weak and flexible one; in fact, it may even be misconstrued in my

use of it to savor of egotism or self-aggrandizement as my motives of appreciating the honor of the greatest gift the society can bestow. But in its truer sense, Worcester says, "Appreciation" means "sympathetic esteem, adequate estimation." It is in this sense that I "appreciate" I have tried to make an "adequate estimate" of this honor and basing my opinions on that estimate, have concluded that it is not an "empty" honor, but one full of requirements, even demands, full of hard work, full of the expectations of the school and full of the hopes, the aspirations and the few questioning doubts of the society. The society expects and demands much. It has a right to, for it is responsible to the school, which in turn expects and demands much. And we—we want to "measure up." We must "measure up," for to do less is but to compromise ourselves and a secret respect we have for ourselves and only in so far as we do reach up and measure up can the standard be kept high and a final "Well done!" worthy of attainment.

When political conventions meet and organize, the platform of the party is the first great work of the assembly and then a candidate is nominated to run on the platform adopted. Quite the reverse is true of our society elections. A candidate is chosen and elected and then, at some subsequent time, is supposed to state the aims and aspirations of society, going on the theory that these aims, etc., are embodied in himself. I shall not tell you I expect you to co-operate earnestly with me and with the other officers in the work of the society. I know you expect to do so, and that you realize the necessity of pulling hard and all together. No one person can do it all; the whole world has just been shown the utter weakness of the "one man-power" government. One man cannot be safely trusted with the supreme power of a nation, nor even with the unaided direction of the affairs of any big business. Why should the same argument prove fallacious when applied to the affairs of the society? It does not. I feel assured that the society is back of me in all I may do, for I may act only for or in the name of the society and any wish I may have for the success and glory of our organization is intensified as many fold as is the number of our members. What I hope for you and what you expect of me are one and the same thing.

This is a wonderful world and this a wonderful age, an age of big things, not only in the fields of science, invention, and business but along other lines as well. It is an age of revolution, of construction and destruction. Every hour, the cable like a great sensory nerve brings messages of joy and sorrow and war and trouble from over the seas. From Germany, now that she is the "under dog," comes the howl that "she is oppressed," that the allied nations have made unfair and unjust demands upon her, that she cannot pay the $56,000,000,000, especially with so heavy a tax levied on her commerce.

Ireland renews with redoubled enthusiasm her seven centuries long struggle for "a government established and functioning only by the will and consent of the Irish people. Civil war is being waged in the Emerald Isle and with the war are all its attendant horrors—homes burned, innocent people killed and immense losses in property. And in the meantime Great Britain reaches out a tentative forefinger to feel the pulse of public opinion in America.

Japan menaces America, and Mexico is strangely and suspiciously somnolent

and within America herself we find business lassitude, labor trouble, and crime waves.

These are the doings of the big and busy world outside, but for the present our chief concern is with this, our little "world"—the school, the society, our work. It is to these we must be true, meeting and beating each days difficulties and striving ever to "measure up" to that standard set for us. This is our "age" of preparation, and when we are ready to leave this little world for the doings "outside," not all these questions of world-wide interest will be answered. There will be much for us to do and our ability to solve each problem as it comes up depends upon how we have learned in our age of preparation to meet and face a situation.

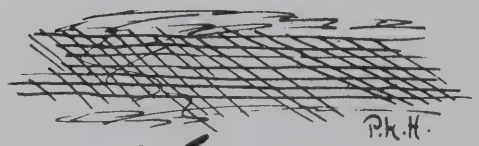
The work of the society is a means to an end—it is not an end in itself. It is a part of the program of preparation for the tasks that are to come. It is a phase of school work and should be looked upon as such and a conscientious effort should be put forth to keep the work of the society on a par with that done in the class room.

The society has made a name for itself and has accomplished some splendidly big things. Are we going to lean back on this reputation and smile with smuggled self-satisfaction, or are we going to add to the glories of the society and strive to be worthy of our predecessors. I think I speak for the society when I say, "We shall 'Carry On.' "

I thank you.

JOHN K. M'GIFFIN, '21.

President.....John McGiffin, '21
Vice-President.....Robert Bonfiglio, '21
Secretary-Treasurer.....Elsta Moudy, '21
Sergeant-at-arms.....Jack Parks, '22



Hash

ALL SORTS

Have you ever heard of the old maid's club?
There are a few such believers you know
You're sure to find a few men haters around
No matter how small the place you go.
Some say I'll never have a beau
To tag me 'round every place I go,
But if one should propose you'd hear her say,
"Of course I'll take you, Hiram,"
Why shouldn't they?

□ □ □

Vamps' Club

Aileen Fisher ..... President
Lucile Whaling ..... Vice-President
Fredrice Frick ..... Secretary
Mary Speer ..... Treasurer

The Vamps' Club is composed of vamps in W. H. S. They meet at one another's homes every Tuesday night. Their platform consists of (1) not going with a boy that smokes; (2) play rhummy; (3) or swear.

Honorary members of the club are Edna Lockhart, Irene Fee, Hattie Dixon, Grace Knott and Aileen Fee.

□ □ □

The Sophomore Class
Sure has some poet;
I'm telling you this,
Now don't go "blow it."

He writes all his poems
In new free verse;
They are so bad that
They couldn't be worse.

This young poet
Was sub on our team,
But his poetry is
Surely a scream.

□ □ □

Martha Carper (counting flies)—Oh, I counted that one twice.

□ □ □

Mr. Moudy—Sing No. 195, "How Can I Leave Thee?" for some of the cases, especially those in the Senior class.

To a Freshman Boy

Curses on you, little fool,
You are the biggest dunce in school;
With your freckles and pug nose,
And your bow-legs and pigeon toes;
With all my heart I'd sure say "No,"
If you should want to be my beau.

Shame on you, you little wop,
This making eyes will have to stop;
You pull my curls and jog my neck,
'Till I'm almost a nervous wreck.
If you don't quit I'll tell Miss Coy,
Then you'll be a sorry boy.

□ □ □

Fools' Club

John McGiffin ..... President
Bob Bonfiglio ..... Secretary
Lyndes Burtzner ..... Treasurer

Other members are Wilbur Hamman, Wayne Goodwin, David Eberly, Glen Daniels, Oliver Opdycke, Dawson Quaintance and Jack Parks.

□ □ □

When I was young and full of pep
I daily on my gas would step,
To take a spin around the park,
And take my girl out for a lark,
And spend a million, two, or more,
Of money, like before the war.

□ □ □

Advice

Hamman, my boy, take a Senior's advice,
Before falling in love think about twice.
Genevieve Gloy may have beautiful curls,
But green Freshmen boys should never have girls.

□ □ □

Ages are difficult things to find,
They seem rather backward to me,
For after she's reached her thirtieth year
They never seem to progress, you see.

□ □ □

Kenneth F.—What do you want for opening exercises, Ralph?
Ralph—Wysongs, of course (why songs).

Fifteen Senior Mottoes

Herbert W.—Vamp all pretty girls.
Edna L.—Ask John.
Carolyn O.—Never to attend a Senior party without Clark.
John Mc.—To write poems to Edna.
Helen D.—Do unto others as you wish to be done by.
Elsta Moudy.—Never do today what you can do tomorrow.
Martha C.—Never to miss a joke.
Erda R.—To always have my lessons perfect.
Thelma T.—Not to remember History and English.
Fredrice Frick—Be true to your beaux.
Lucile W.—Laugh and the world laughs at you.
Lyndus B.—To always make the 4:37.
Hugh F.—To always stay home until last bell rings.
Robert B.—To attend every basket ball game.
Benetah F.—To be seen and not heard.

□ □ □

My life! My love! My Mary!
They say you are a fairy.
I love the sparkle of your eye,
For you, my dear, I'd live and die.

I know that Clyde would brush my bean
If this by him were ever seen,
So I must love and never say,
But I'll be true by night and day.

I'm almost bursting with my love,
I'd keep you as I'll keep a dove.
I know that he'll the winner be,
I'm dying for you, can't you see?

—Lee Foster.

□ □ □

Just imagine:

Bessie Till without Ruth Bullard.
Irene F. without Aileen Fee.
Lucile W. without Benetah Farrington.
Martha C. without Erda Robinson.
Lucile W. without her diamond.
Waldo H. without his kodak.
Herbert W. without his green sweater.
Wilbur H. without Genevieve Gloy.
Edna Lockhart without John McGiffin.

Cases

There are a few cases
  You'll wonder about
When you take a drink
  From the old well spout.

There also are cases
  That contain eggs, you know,
If they're used for a seat,
  Oh! dreadful tale of woe!

But the cases that develop
  In school are the best.
Who are some of them?
  We'll have you to guess.

If you really are anxious
  To see some cases, dear,
Then just put your best foot forward
  And visit us some year.

□ □ □

My little Bon-wans,
  Don't shiver and cry,
You'll all be hot dogs
  By and by.

□ □ □

Dick, you're too young to go with the girls,
I know they all love you and you like their curls,
But Dicky, my darling, mamma's dear boy,
Fifteen short years ago you were my joy,
And people would come and say, "My, hain't he nice,"
And here you are trying to give me advice,
But now if you don't mind your mamma, my Dick,
I'm afraid I'll resort to the old hickory stick,
Or a spanking perhaps would do as much good.
Why Dick you're just out of your cape and your hood.
My Dicky, my sonny, take mamma's advice,
She's been over the road of experience twice.

□ □ □

Oh! why say no, my Bessie?
You know I love my lassie;
I cannot live without you, dear,
I'll die of broken heart, I fear.

Snap Shots

JUST A POEM

The latest fashion as you see,
Is ears as naked as can be.
And now I gaze on them distressed
And plead that they once more be dressed.
But all my pleading is in vain
And their ears are still out in the rain.
And many times I say I've plead
To comb the fuzz upon their head,
So it will hide those things of white,
Those ears, I mean, from out my sight;
But still, ah still they do insist
To come with hair up in a twist;
They say this fashion is from France,
Its looks would make a dead man dance.
But still the ladies call it style
And keep a wearing it the while
I sit and wonder when, oh, when
This style will have effect on men.

QUESTIONS

Six times today and that is oft,
I've talked to Prin-cip-al Miss Kroft;
I asked her questions, ah, galore,
Till I could think of not one more.
They were on school and matri-mony,
And how the bees could all make honey,
And if the boys should love the girls
If they didn't leave their hair in curls,
And if a girl's as smart as I,
And if they are I wish to die,
And then I asked her when she'd marry,
If he'd be Tom or Dick or Harry,
And she turned red as a big beet
And said, "John, you may take your seat."

□ □ □

On a cold winter day
When the sun is shining bright,
Does wifey wonder where you've been
If you get home at midnight?

THE ORIGINAL SIX
TED
PALS
ELSA
LOU
PAT

JOKES

English IV

Miss Kroft: How was the devil in plays?
John Mc: Just like he is real.

□ □ □

H. E. II and III

Bring aprons—prepared to cook.
Cannot make bread today.
Hugh F.: How do you prepare aprons to cook?

□ □ □

English II

Miss Kroft: Dick, I want you to shut your mouth. Every time you open it you make a mistake.

□ □ □

General Science

(Talking about how dust gets into the air and thus causes fog. One question in the book read like this: Where do our shoes and automobile tires go, when they wear out?)
Miss Koons: Mary answer the question.
Mary B.: To the junk dealer.

□ □ □

English IV

(Speaking About Addison)
Elsta Moudy: When he was alone he was very conversive, but when he was in company he was very quiet.

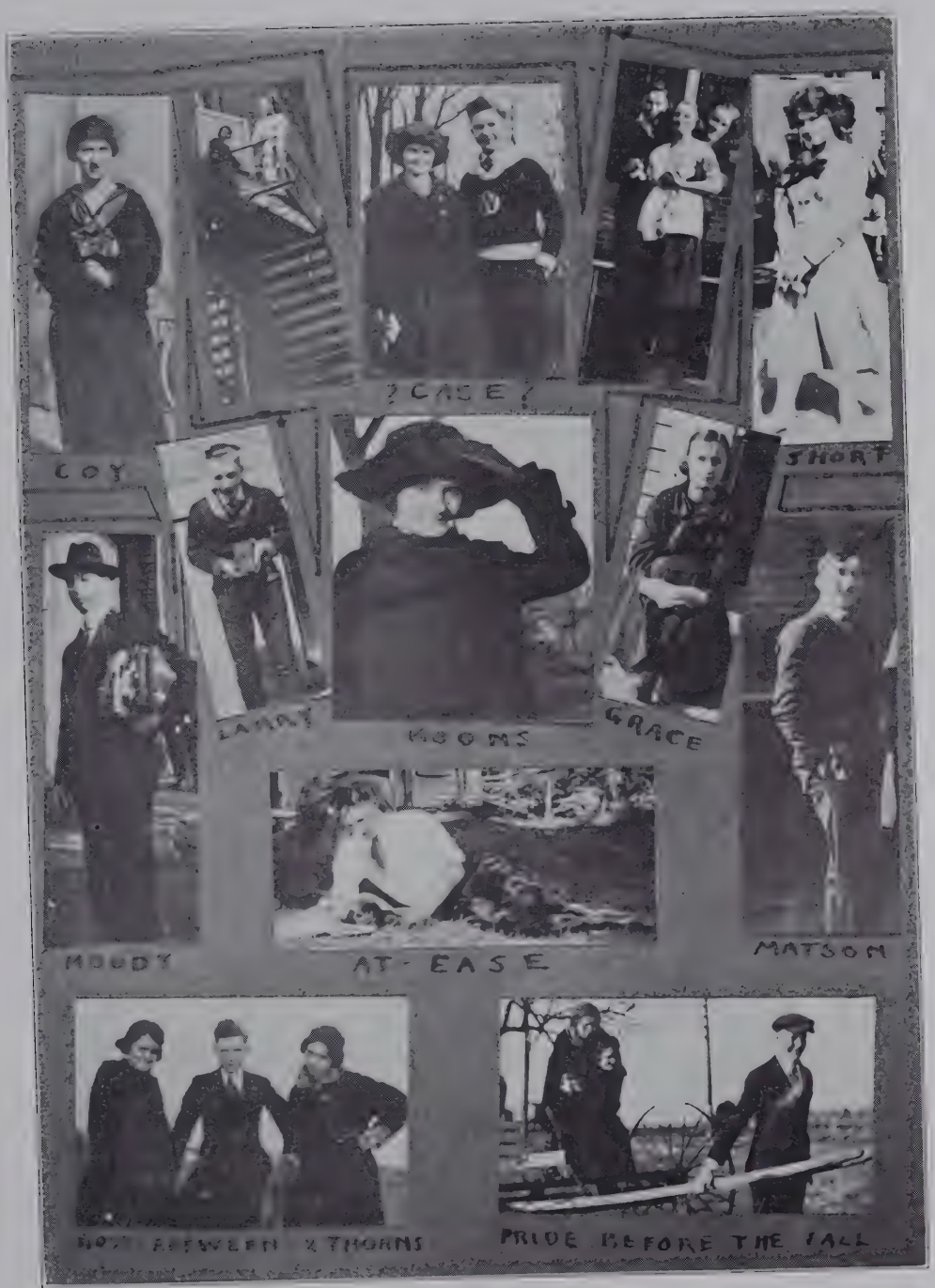
□ □ □

Caesar II

Miss Kroft: What did Caesar do with the men he captured during this campaign.
Paul H. (responding immediately): He killed part of them.
Miss Kroft: What happened to the rest?
Paul: They came to a river and couldn't get across, so they jumped in and killed themselves.

□ □ □

History II

Mr. Moudy: What did Constantine do?
Wilbur H.: Constantine, he settled up the unsettled.

? CASE ?
COY
SHORT
MOODY
AT-EASE
MATSOM
PRIDE BEFORE THE FALL

English IV

Walton wrote "The Complete Angler."
Herbert W.: Another fish story.

□ □ □

History II

Mr. Moudy: Tell about the Destruction of Rome.
Mildred S.: It burned.
Mr. Moudy: How did it burn?
Mildred: By fire.

□ □ □

History IV

Mr. Moudy: If Wilson should be impeached, who would try him?
Lucile W.: Marshall.

□ □ □

English IV

(Talking About Jonathan Swift)

Dawson Q.: He flopped from Whig to Tory (meaning he changed from Whig to Tory).

□ □ □

English IV

Robert B. (going to tell the story of Gammer Gurton's Needle): The cat spilled the milk and the woman went to pick it up.

□ □ □

Conservation

(On Way to Angola to Basketball Game)

Fredrice Frick (telling Mr. Matson about Robert B. using so much slang): Talk about using slang. Good night, Bob Bonfiglio can pull it off to a frazzle.
Mr. Matson: You're second.

□ □ □

Civics IV

(Talking About the Salary of the President)

Mr. Moudy: What does the president's wife get?
Fredrice F.: What the president gives her.

□ □ □

English IV

Carolyn O.: Wales of a Tail Side Inn (meaning Tales of a Way Side Inn).

□ □ □

Lucile W.: Mr. Moudy, do we have to remember those parts of the Constitution that we learned?

Mr. Moudy: Yes. I wouldn't wonder you would be asked that when you go to the Pearly Gates. You will surely be asked the preamble.

History III

Mr. Moudy (giving Juniors a test): What is **meat** by State Socialism?

□ □ □

Commercial Arithmetic

John Mc: Rose and Herbert have the same amount in dollars, but not in cents.

Herbert W.: I have the most sense.

□ □ □

History IV

Helen D.: Washington's administration was from 1789-1896 (meaning 1789-1797).

Mr. Moudy: Almost as old as Metheuslah.

□ □ □

English IV

Chatterton tore up a number of manuscripts and then poisoned himself.

Lucile W.: I thought it means he ate the manuscripts and they poisoned him.

□ □ □

Miss Kroft: Aileen, why are stamps put on envelopes?

Aileen F.: Well they won't go without.

□ □ □

History II

Irene F.: Teacher (Mr. Moudy was absent), When was Christ born?

Cyrille D.: Jesus was born in a manger on Christmas.

□ □ □

English IV

Miss Kroft: Steele went to Wales to look after his estate.

Elsta M.: That is when he died on 'em.

Martha C.: Died on the whales? (meaning Wales).

□ □ □

History IV

(Giving Dates of Presidents)

Lucile W.: 1801 to 1809 was Roosevelt (meaning Jefferson).

□ □ □

English IV

Herbert W.: What does sentimental mean?

Fredrice F.: Soft.

John Mc: Xmas you're sentimental.

Commercial Arithmetic
(There Was a — 10)

Carolyn O.: What do they call the — 10? Don't they call it something; what's its name?

□ □ □

H. E.

Miss Koons: When are sheep sheared?
Cyrille D.: In the fall.

□ □ □

Botany III

Miss Coy: Where do pineapples come from?
Wayne G.: Pine trees.

□ □ □

English III

Myrtle H. (telling a story): A car drove up the main street of the town and asked for the hotel.

□ □ □

Physics Class

Herbert W.: If you divide by 6.45 the squeshure (meaning pressure) per sq. in. is etc.

□ □ □

History IV

Carolyn O.: We've got him, and in the morning we will catch him.

□ □ □

Civics Class

(Talking About the Town Board)

Mr. Moudy.: Who is health commissioner?
Lucile W.: Dr. Vance.

□ □ □

English IV

Carolyn O.: Tom Jones (written by Fielding) was after himself and Amelia (written by same author) was after his wife.

□ □ □

Conversation

Alva A. (to Russell W.): Don't let me forget my dad's tobacco, when I get uptown, for if I do he will use mine.

□ □ □

English IV

Miss Kroft: Justin, define the word vivisection.
Justin G.: It's the opening of an animal to see their heart and lungs beat.

History III

Mr. Moudy: France has one of the best governments in the United States at this time.

□ □ □

Physics IV

Mr. Matson (assigning lesson): You will take to the law of frictionless matches (meaning machines).

□ □ □

English IV

(Telling About Tom Jones)

Martha C.: It was a story about a healthy youth in his early years.

□ □ □

Civics

Hugh F. (explaining long ballot): The long ballot was long.

□ □ □

Albert W.: I'll be darned if I didn't lose my Caesar.
Mildred S.: You probably would lose your head if it wasn't fastened on.
Albert W.: Yes, that's once the Lord blessed me.

□ □ □

English Class

Miss Kroft (going to read Ralph Roister Doister): Ralph was a conceited simpleton (looking at John Mc).

John Mc: What are you looking at me for?

□ □ □

English IV

Herbert W. (telling about the early theatres): When the people was going to sit on the floor.

□ □ □

History IV

Helen D. (saying a part of the constitution): The people answered by Pros and Cons (meaning Yeas and Nays).

□ □ □

Miss Kroft: Who was Adam?
Paul H.: My Great Great Grand Sister.

□ □ □

English IV

Miss Kroft: Robert where's your book?
Robert B.: It's in my overcoat.
Miss Kroft: Well, you'd better get it.
Robert: My overcoat's at home.

Miss Coy: Martha, are you ill?
Martha C.: No, I've just been snoozing a little.

□ □ □

English Class

Miss Kroft: How old was Milton?
Edna L.: 1653.

□ □ □

English IV

(Pastoral Poetry in Time of Edmund Spencer, 1552)
Miss Kroft: What is the meaning of Pastoral?
John F.: That's what cows and horses eat.

□ □ □

Civics

Mr. Moudy: What would it be if I place my finger inside of your window?
Hugh F.: It would be trying to get in.

□ □ □

Miss Kroft: On what occasions do you write letters of condolence?
Paul H.: When some one dies or gets married.

□ □ □

English IV

(Talking About Robinson Crusoe)
Why didn't he get Friday to help him with his work?
Miss Kroft: Friday hadn't come yet. It was earlier in the week.

□ □ □

(A wise saying in Franklin's Autobiography): He that would thrive must ask his wife.
John Mc: What if he was a bachelor?
Robert B.: Ask some one else's wife.

□ □ □

What is an epilogue?
Robert B.: After the ending.

□ □ □

English IV

Elsta M. (telling about the life of Keats): One day a sunbeam came into the room and there were a lot of fairies in it, and Keats went into fairyland and some place else.

□ □ □

Botany III

Miss Coy: Rose, tell the relations between soil and roots.
Rose C.: Little bulbs grow on the roots which contain oxygen or air (meaning nitrogen).

In Philadelphia the light globes were of four panes.
Herbert W.: I would hate to be a street lamp cleaner if they had four pains.

□ □ □

English IV

(Talking About the Moravian Marriages)
Miss Kroft: What would be the advantages of the older people choosing the wife for the young man.
Lyndes B.: There would be less heart breaking.

□ □ □

H. E. II and III

Mary S.: Miss Koons, if you were in a desert what would you do (meaning if you had made a dessert and couldn't eat it all) what would you do?

□ □ □

English Class

Helen D. (telling life of Shelley): He wrote a pamphlet while he was at college at Oxford and they canned him (meaning expelled).

□ □ □

English Class

Lucile W. (telling more about Shelley): He left his first wife and later married another woman.
Miss Kroft: Your book didn't say that his first wife committed suicide.
Lucile W.: Yes, she jumped in the river.

□ □ □

Botany III

Miss Coy: This book shows it some whatly like this.

□ □ □

Ruby S. (on way to school): That ice is frozen.

□ □ □

Botany III

Miss Coy: Mary, tell the stage of apple rust.
Mary S.: First it is seen as a cider apple (meaning cedar apple).

□ □ □

English IV

(Speaking of a Beagle Dog)
Herbert W.: One of those flat long ones.

□ □ □

Mr. Moudy (giving the Juniors a History test): Give a brief of the battle of Austerlitz.

□ □ □

H. E.

Miss Koons: Ruby, what are the needs of your family?

Botany III

Miss Coy: Jack, please read intelligently.

□ □ □

Botany

Miss Coy: Wayne, stop dreaming.
Wayne G.: Er-er-what did you say?

□ □ □

English II

Miss Kroft: Cadmus killed a dragon.
Cyrille D.: Yes, I remember that dragon (meaning she remembered the story).

□ □ □

Herbert W. (scanning ocean): Oh—She—An—Us.

□ □ □

Thelma T. (meaning to say Greek fisherman): Green fisherman.

□ □ □

English IV

Martha C.: Elsta, what is an apostrophe?
Elsta M.: If I say, Oh Tim, it would be an apostrophe because Tim isn't here.

□ □ □

History IV

Lucile W.: Declaration of Independence came under Jackson's rule (was made before any president).

□ □ □

English Class

Miss Kroft: What does alabaster mean?
Robert B.: They call the "White Socks" the alabaster hose.

□ □ □

Commercial Arithmetic

Mr. Matson: Lyndes, take the side board.
Robert B.: Lyndes, take the kitchen cabinet.

□ □ □

English IV

Edna L.: Hamlet's mother loved his father because he had seen him do it.

□ □ □

Horatio was a Roman.
Herbert W.: Yes, Horatio at the bridge (meaning Horatius).

□ □ □

(Giving Quotations from Hamlet)
Herbert W.: Swear (given as a quotation).
Lucile W.: I'll do it or die (given as a quotation).

English IV

Miss Kroft: What is meant by "The Memory Be Green"?
Robert B.: Fresh.

□ □ □

History II

Mr. Moudy: "Well, if you boys can't recite I'll have to call the girls. Wilbur, you tell us about it."

□ □ □

English II

Miss Kroft (telling how Calypso, a sea nymph, held Odysseus on the Island of Ogygia and offered to make him an Immortal God.
Paul H.: "Gosh, I'd stayed."

□ □ □

Civics Class

Helen D.: Talking about Public Baths.
Mr. Moudy: They were not only for recreation but for health also.
Helen D.: Yes, people need a bath once in a while.

□ □ □

Mr. Moudy: Who is our representative, Edna?
Herbert W.: Fairfield.
Lucile W.: I thought he was our congressman.

□ □ □

Lucile W.: Will we take the appendix?
Mr. Moudy: No, I think we will cut the appendix out.

□ □ □

Robert B. (going to say thirty square miles): Thirty square acres.

□ □ □

Mr. Moudy: Hugh, how is the District of Columbia governed?
Hugh F.: It is governed by itself.

□ □ □

Music Class

Martha C.: (Was eating a clove.)
Miss Coy: Martha, what are you chewing?
Martha: I am eating a clove.
Miss Coy: Well, I wish you would give me one the next time.
Martha: All right.

□ □ □

Mr. Moudy (giving the Seniors a history test): For what were the following men noted—Columbus, Queen Isabelle, etc.?

□ □ □

Harold W. (marching out): Daniels, do you know we are drafted?
Glen: I realize the fact.

Robert Bonfiglio (on hearing that Aileen Fee had said that Dick didn't even kiss her good night when he took her home): "Well, she can't say that about me."

□ □ □

English I

Mary B. (in answer to Miss Kroft's inquiry about books, for book reports): I have Freckles (meaning book of Freckles).
Mary H.: So have I.

□ □ □

Domestic Science

Iva M. (at the top of her voice): I wanta teeny, little, small needle.

□ □ □

Algebra I

Wilbur H.: (Laughing; laughs at most anything).
Oliver O.: Was it a soft shelled one, Wib?

□ □ □

Civics Class

Lucile W. (telling about care of dependents): Some are dumb; some are born dumb.

□ □ □

H. E.

Mildred S.: Did you ever dream that you were falling?
Aileen Fisher: Yes, but you never lit.

□ □ □

Algebra I

Mr. Moudy: What are you going to be doing in Algebra tomorrow (meaning you would be doing complicated linear equasions).
Mary H.: Hard to tell

□ □ □

Civics Class

Hugh F. (telling about the great institutions): They have institutions for tuberculars.

□ □ □

Algebra Class

(Some one asked Mr. Moudy about a problem.)
Mr. Moudy: Absitively posolutely (meaning absolutely positively).

□ □ □

Miss Koons: What is a hook worm, and how is it killed?
Mary Bonfiglio: It is a worm and it is killed by wearing tight shoes.

Miss Koons: Ethel, I will send you out of the room if you get too smart.
Ethel B.: I'm not.

□ □ □

English IV

(Talking about birds, stealing their nest, and laying eggs in other birds' nests.)
Elsta M.: Yes, like the scarecrow.

□ □ □

English I

Mary B.: Many colleges prefer to stay small in number, because they think more students will come.

□ □ □

English I

Miss Kroft: Ethel, tell your story.
Ethel B.: I had five different ones, but they have all been told.

□ □ □

(Discussing the distance of the sun from the earth).
Elsta: If we'd go halfway through the earth, would we be in the sun all the time?
John Mc: No, but we'd be in some place hotter than the sun.

□ □ □

Civics IV

Mr. Moudy: What is our lesson about today, Martha?
Martha C.: The regulation of co-operations (meaning corporations).

□ □ □

English IV

Miss Kroft: Who invented the printing press?
Elsta Moudy (replying promptly): Eli Whitney.

□ □ □

Civics IV

Mr. Moudy: Why should the streets be sprinkled?
Herbert W.: To make them religious.

□ □ □

Algebra I

Mr. Moudy: All you'ns at the backboard come up to the front.

COURSE OF STUDY

The Waterloo High School ranks among the best in the state of Indiana.

The advantages for an education cannot be excelled by any.

Regular courses as outlined by the state.

Special Art Classes during the four years' work, including Pastel and Oil.

A Home Economics course is offered for the girls.

Vocational Agriculture—a four years' course is offered for the boys. No foreign language required.

Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing—a special feature. A good shop, well equipped with all necessary tools, is ready for use.

Music—special attention given to chorus singing, glee club and quartette work.

Special effort is made to maintain an orchestra in the High School.

Credit toward graduation will be given for all work done in music in the High School.

Two Literary Societies for orations, debating, stump speeches, etc.

Those who start to the Waterloo High School find the work so practical and interesting that they stay until they finish the entire course.

Remarks on the Course of Study

While the Waterloo High School maintains a standard four years' course which prepares for college entrance, we are not unmindful of the great number that cannot go away to enter the higher institutions of learning, and therefore we offer other courses.

Our special course in Vocational Agriculture covers a period of four years. One-half of the student's time is given to Vocational Agriculture and related technical subjects, and one half is given to regular academic subjects. No foreign language is required in this course. The course in Vocational Agriculture is elective with the boys.

Completion of the course in Vocational Agriculture will admit the student to Purdue University without further examination.

The Standard High School Course, which requires two years of foreign language, and which prepares for college and university entrance, is offered for those boys and girls who wish to prepare for entrance into the higher institutions of learning. A certain amount of vocational work can be elected in connection with the regular academic course.

All students may take part in the programs of the literary societies, and credit toward graduation will be given for this work.

All students may take courses offered in Music or Art, and credit toward graduation will be given in proportion to the time given to either subject.

Reasons For Making the Courses of Study More Practical

All of the student's interests, powers and instincts should be utilized in the

process of education, and it has been shown that he can better be introduced to the world of knowledge and of things through his activity and experience than through the avenue of books; that constructive work adds interest to all other school work. The industrial and vocational work has an important place in the school.

Furthermore, nature study, agriculture, drawing, hand work, manual training, domestic science and a study of the household arts help to overcome the isolation which at present exists between school and life. If rightly studied, these subjects have an additional value equal if not superior to most of the traditional school subjects. In addition, they give pupils help in making a right and intelligent choice of an occupation.

It is not the thought that the vocational work should supplant or cripple the fundamental work of the public school. A command of English, a mastery of number relations, the ability to express one's thoughts in writing or drawing and design, is as much needed for success in a future vocation or trade as is the plane by the carpenter or trowel by a mason. Again, the natural, healthy growth and development of the child, both physical and mental, is as necessary for making a skilled worker and an efficient citizen as is the vocational training given in a special school or an apprentice shop. Habits of healthful activity, right habits of thinking and working, the power to observe and control all parts of the body quickly and accurately—these are universal tools necessary for every vocation or trade. Any defect here means that there is no basis for the future education training to rest on.

Our idea of the aim and purpose of the public school is becoming enlarged. The idea that the school should not lead more directly toward the professional than toward the industrial and everyday occupations in which most of our people are engaged, is becoming general. We have determined to enlarge and readjust our public school system, so that it will serve all the people, providing an opportunity for each pupil to receive all the formal education, and in addition give him help and direction in fitting himself for profitable employment.

Course in Agriculture

While it is the province of the public schools, as at present organized, to teach the trades, it is their privilege and their duty to put the boys and girls in intelligent touch with the life about them, and to use all the means at hand in the process of education.

Much has been said about the tendency among boys to leave the farm for the town, and many attempts at explanation have been made. While it is perfectly proper for the boy to leave his father's farm and seek his fortunes in a crowded city, sometimes he goes with the mistaken notion that he could substitute wit for work in life's contest, or because of the lack of appreciation of the dignity of labor. Sometimes, also, he has gone because he has failed to see the opportunities on the farm. There is a belief that something better is to be found, and also there is a lack of respect for the calling of the father. Furthermore, there is a lack of respect for manual labor and a belief that education can make it possible to live without work. As most of the boys and girls will be compelled to work

HOME ECONOMICS

MANUAL TRAINING

with their hands, they should be taught early that labor is honorable and that idleness is disgraceful.

The dominant industry of the country is Agriculture! In the teaching of it we create a respect for it and at the same time show its possibilities. It can be shown that brain and muscle can accomplish just as much on the farm as in the city, and that the chances for success are greater. It may not be in the province of the public school to teach any trade or industry as such, but it is the province of the school to teach the boys and girls how to work and to put them in the path of an honest living. This is the purpose in making Vocational Agriculture one of the courses in the Waterloo School this year. Below is the course followed:

FIRST YEAR

English
Algebra
Botany
Farm Crops

SECOND YEAR

English
Geometry
Woodwork and Mechanical Drawing
Poultry and Horticulture

THIRD YEAR

English Literature
Soils and Soil Fertility
Mediaeval and Modern History or Foreign Language

FOURTH YEAR

American History and Civics
Animal Husbandry
Farm Management
American Literature or Foreign Language

Foreign Language is not required in the Vocational Agriculture course, but it is elective in place of history in the third year or English in the fourth year. Music and Drawing will be taken one or two periods a week throughout the four years.

Pupils who pursue this course successfully will be graduated from the High School and receive the same kind of a diploma as received by those who complete the regular academic course.

Graduates in the Vocational Department will be admitted to Purdue University and other state agriculture colleges without condition.

Course in Home Economics

The great need in the High School today is a practical course in Home Economics. Happiness and pleasure in home life depends largely upon the knowledge and ability shown in home management and home support. A good practical knowledge of textiles, dressmaking, millinery, foods and food values, and household chemistry with related subjects would be a valuable aid in the average home. In the past, most of our girls have spent too much time in preparation for the so-called higher professions, and then instead of entering that profession or any one related to it, have become home makers, and found that they possessed little or no knowledge in the line of their chosen occupation. The course offered here has enough of the academic, and enough of home economics to give the student that completes it a well rounded and practical education for home and community life.

The Standard High School Course

We are glad that we can offer a standard four years' course to those preparing for college and university work. Many of the studies in this course are made elective, and the individual wishes of the student can be considered.

FIRST YEAR

English
Algebra
Elective (two)
General Science
Foreign Language
Agriculture
Home Economics
Manual Training

SECOND YEAR

English
Plane Geometry
Elective (two)
Early European History
Foreign Language
Agriculture
Home Economics

THIRD YEAR

English Literature
Modern European History
Elective (two)
Foreign Language
Agriculture
Botany
Algebra, one-half year
Geometry, one-half year

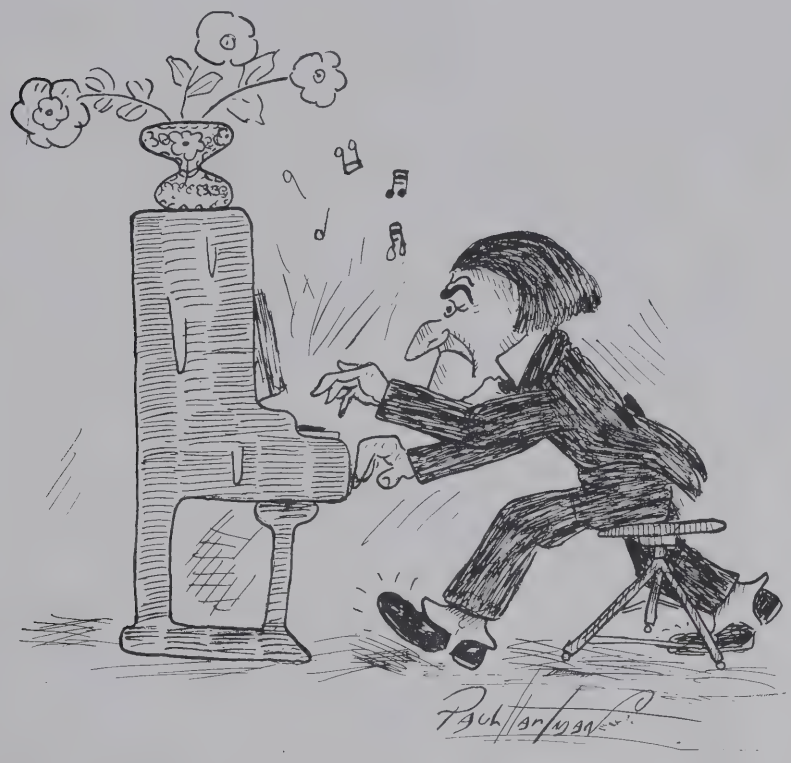
FOURTH YEAR

American Literature
U. S. History and Civics
Elective (two)
Physics
Physiology and Hygiene
Agriculture
Commercial Arithmetic and Bookkeeping

NOTE—Students who enter the Waterlco High School in the Senior year and who wish to elect to take Physical Geography or Botany may include these studies in the fourth year electives.

Music and Art will be systematically taught two periods a week throughout the four years. If a student is preparing for college or university he must take two years of Foreign Language.

AGRICULTURAL



Music

Chorus singing, quartette and glee club work will receive special attention in the school. Much emphasis is given to the course in music. If you can sing, you are given an opportunity to take special work. If you play a cornet or band instrument of any kind, you can take additional work with our High School Orchestra.

Several excellent players in band and orchestra received their first lessons in Waterloo High School. Your musical talent should be developed. Some of our students have developed and shown marked ability with their voices, and some are occupying good positions in church choirs and chautauqua platform. We cannot give the finishing touches required, but we can give you a start. Use your musical talent.

Bible Study Course (Elective)

Part 1. Introduction to the Old Testament.

1. Old Testament geography. Palestine:
   (a) Location and extent.

(b) The physiographic regions.

2. Hebrew history before Christ.
   (a) The four periods: outline.
   (b) The history in detail:
      Part 1. To the division of the kingdom.
      Part 2. After the division of the kingdom.
   (c) Books of the Old Testament. The five groups:
      Pentateuch, historical books, poetical books, major prophets, minor prophets.

Part II. Introduction to the New Testament.

1. Political divisions in the time of Christ.
2. The Four Gospels—Essential character and purpose of each.
3. The Book of Acts; authorship, subject, importance.
4. The Epistles and their importance.

Part III. The Life of Christ.

1. Childhood and youth. The temptation.
2. The Judean ministry.; Year of obscurity.
3. The Galilean ministry and growing popularity.
4. The final year—growing opposition.
5. Passion Week and the Forty Days.
6. Summary of Books of New Testament. Memory passages.

Part IV. The Early Church.

1. Progress of the Church at Jerusalem.
2. First missionary work of the Church.
3. The great missionary work of Paul.
   (a) First missionary journey.
   (b) The great Council at Jerusalem.
   (c) The second journey.
   (d) The third and last journey.
   (e) Paul's arrest and appeal to Caesar.
   (f) Memory passages.

Notes

1. The books of the Old and New Testament constitute the only text book, and are studied solely from the literary and historical points of view.

2. Each of the four parts of the course is a unit in itself, and is designed to be covered in about forty lessons. Thus two parts are equivalent to a high school subject pursued five days a week for one school semester. Any two unit parts, and only two, may be taken for credit.

3. Credit is given only on a successful written examination, and is rated the same as for a semester's work in any other high school subject.

4. This course is elective and may be taken in either the third or fourth year.

5. The course is given for its historical and literary value.

Literary Societies

The student body is equally divided into two literary societies, Ciceronian

Zedalethean. In these societies the students elect their own officers and choose their own program committees. Each society gives several programs during the year, and their work in debates, orations, recitations, essays and original stories cannot be overestimated. These societies provide practice in the very things which the various communities expect of high school graduates. This work helps to develop more useful citizens.

The Library

The Waterloo High School Library consists of about eight hundred volumes. Of these about six hundred are for reference, the remainder being fiction. More books are added each year, so that the student never lacks material in the preparation of a lesson.

The Public Library is not far from the school building, and students are welcome to it whenever it is open.

Athletics

Basket ball, base ball and tennis are the kinds of athletics played. Each kind of athletics will be given attention, and you can expect some good games. All basket ball games in Waterloo are played in the Town Hall.

THE MOUNTAINS

Oh! lofty peaks, so high and free—
Would that I could be like thee,
So far above the lower things
That even eagles with their wings
Soar high—so high to reach your tips.
The sun at morn gives you her lips,
In pleasure as she smiles at you,
And makes your depths a purple blue.

Far down the mountain side, at home,
The small wild mountain flowers, alone
Bloom in the beauteous rays of sun,
Where mountain streams so swiftly run.
The mountain laurel with its rose
And white, blossoms, in sweet repose,
And leaves of glossy green so bright,
Turn up their faces to the light.

LUCILE WHALING, '21.

SOLDIERS ALL

I saw a cartoon used for a cover design for a well known boys' magazine about a year ago and it started me to thinking because it was ro representative of popular sentiment at that time and possibly even now. The cartoon depicted the usual small town grocery, with its barrels and boxes out on the sidewalk, but instead of the usual loafers and village wits there were several school boys gathered about a khaki clad soldier, one of America's returned doughboys. The boys were "round eyed" with wonder and stood in various attitudes of intense interest while the doughboy seemed to be telling them stories of "over there." A little to one side, disconsolate and alone, stood a veteran of our Civil War clad in faded blue, on his face a strange mixture of envy, hurt pride and a sense of desertion.

The title of this drawing was "Dethroned."

The youngsters had deserted him for a new demi-god beside whose lured tales his own reminiscences of "Bloody Shiloh," "Chickamauga" and "Sherman's March to the Sea," faded into insignificance.

I wonder how many of us have noticed in the past few years the thinning of the ranks of these old soldiers. One by one they are being "mustered out" and soon they will be with us no more. Let us not desert them even in this seemingly small way. Let us listen to their war tales, because their views are not prospective but retrospective. They dream of their old days and how the people honored them when they went to war to hold them when they went to war to hold this union of ours together. The public has been fickle minded and have, in a way, forgotten the wonderful deeds these men have done for us."

The South has fully forgiven the North for their aggression in the Civil War. They realize that it was all for the right. In spite of the fact that during the last administration, a few radicals and hot heads tried to stir up the feeling of animosity between the North and South by wild statements and rash assertions that the President was showing favoritism, and that he was a southerner. Cooler intelligence predominated and we see that we are **one** absolutely and not one of sections.

The life of the union itself we owe to these veterans and the doughboys who, comparatively recently, returned from France, realize what the veterans did for us and the debt we owe them, and they are ready and more than willing to share the honors and as for the rest of us we love them and honor them, both doughboy and old soldier; we determine that each shall have his full measure of appreciation, for America has never fought unless the cause be high and holy and she appreciates the upholders of her honor regardless of the time in which that honor needed to be sustained.

Wearers of the blue, wearers of the gray and laughing, jostling doughboys, khaki clad—surely the heart of America is large enough to hold them all.

JOHN M'GIFFIN.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BOB?

One chilly drizzly evening Mr. Trister was reading a book on animals and reptiles. Suddenly a loud knocking was heard at the door. Upon opening it he discovered a man very excited and worried. He invited him in and inquired the cause of his excitement. Mr. Jarrow replied in hurried tones and told the following story:

Mrs. Jarrow and he lived about five miles east of the city limits in a lonely dreary place. That evening they had come to town and left the home in charge of their fifteen-year-old son Bob, and six-year-old daughter Ruth. Upon arriving home about 10:30, what was their terror and grief to find the boy dead and no trace whatever of Ruth! They had heard of Mr. Trister's fondness for and cleverness in detective work and would like to have him come and examine the place.

"Have you put the matter before the police yet?" asked Mr. Trister.

"No, we thought we would come to you first and find out what should be done," replied Mr. Jarrow.

"You did quite right. Now please do not let the police know of this until I direct you to, as a number of officers and people on the ground would destroy all trace of the criminal. Give me the direction to the place and I will come out tomorrow morning, as it is too late tonight to do any good."

The following morning he arrived at the country place, left his machine a little away from the house and examined the road closely. When walking to the house there was a muddy place in the road which he had to avoid in passing. As he stepped upon the porch he found a part of the body of a dead mouse. He entered the room just as the coroner was leaving.

The coroner said he could find no trace of any mark whatever on the boy which would lead a person to think he had been maltreated. But his blood showed that he had been poisoned. Mr. Trister went on in and spoke to Mrs. Jarrow and asked permission to examine the boy. Then he went out to the garage, looked Mr. Jarrow's machine over, came back and said he would return later.

He went into town, drove to the taxi station and had a certain taxi driver drive him to No. 416 West Green St. He discovered it to be a cheap hotel. He looked over the register and found the names of Mr. and Mrs. Lake and daughter registered late the night before. He took the elevator to that floor and went directly to their room. He knocked and the door was opened by a woman who appeared very nervous and inquired his business. He replied, "I have come for the little girl." She went into the room and returned leading a little girl who had been crying. "When is my husband coming back?" asked the woman. Mr. Trister said he did not know, but probably in a few minutes. He went down to the street, called the police, ordered them to arrest the woman, and the man on his return. He took the little girl out to the machine and drove her back to her home. Her folks were very thankful and wanted to know how he had ever discovered the criminal.

This is what he told them: When stepping to avoid the mud he had discovered that the tires on the machine were Gladiator and he also saw a little piece of cloth which came from a taxi. Then upon examining the body he had found two little black spots just above the heart; also the part of the mouse which had been devoured by some animal. He came to the conclusion that Bob had been bitten by a Corba, the most deadly of snakes, further proved by the poison in the boy's blood. The tires on Mr. Jarrow's machine were Kelly-Springfield, so the tracks were left by another. As most taxis use Kelly-Springfield tires he had little trouble in locating the odd one. He found out some facts from the taxi driver and then had him drive him to the hotel where they were; what then happened has already been told.

The woman must have been expecting another man to come for the child and took Mr. Trister for him. They had kidnapped the girl in hopes of a ransom from her godmother, who was very wealthy. They were both condemned and sentenced to prison for life and thus they received their just dues.

MARY SPEER, '22.

A NIGHT'S TERROR

It was a chill November night and just the kind of night one may expect to find up along the borders of the Great Lakes. The moon seemed to be just peeping out from behind a huge mass of clouds. Its rays fell slantingly on a large farm house along the road.

Within the house, a bright fire was burning in the fireplace, and we were all seated around it, talking and laughing, as merry a group of young people as could be found anywhere. My cousin, Mildred Jackson, had summoned all of her friends in the neighborhood to spend the evening with her and help her celebrate her sixteenth birthday.

Fun was at its height when one of the boys was heard to remark, "Say, girls, I'll bet every one here is afraid of ghosts."

Several voices were heard in protest, mine being probably the most emphatic.

"All right, Nina, I'd like to see you try meeting a ghost," challenged Will, the first speaker.

"Name the circumstances," I answered, my heart all aflutter at my own bravery.

"About a quarter of a mile over the hill is an old cemetery of which you all know," he answered, "and I'll dare you, Nina, to go to that cemetery and walk past old Jake Hawkins' grave. He's the man who murdered his wife and then hung himself with a clothes line wire."

Of course, Will did not have the least idea of my going and chills began to run down my back at the thought but, nevertheless, I had no intention of proving myself a coward. I was on my feet in an instant and demanded how I should prove to them I had been there.

"I'll tell you," ventured Mildred, "drive a stake beside the grave and tomorrow we'll all go and see it."

I immediately put on my coat and hat and started for the door.

"Oh, Nina, aren't you afraid," remonstrated my sister, her face turning pale.

I simply laughed, although it was probably a rather hollow laugh, and, with the best wishes of the whole party, I started out.

As I passed into the open air my courage began to return and it was with a light step that I started out across the meadow. I sprang lightly over the fence below the hill and lo, a dark object seemed to precede me. I glanced horror stricken into the darkness and in a moment it was gone.

I concluded it must have been my own shadow and went on. As I neared the clump of trees surrounding the graves, I heard something rustling among the leaves and to my terror a dark object jumped towards me but ran off in another direction. When the first fright was over, I realized it was only some little animal of the woods and sharply reprimanded myself for such folly. I then stepped in among the graves.

All light seemed to be shut out by the nearby trees and I was left in almost utter darkness. I stumbled along, fearing every moment that something would jump upon me, although I hadn't the least idea what to expect. I was urged on by the thought of the laughter of my friends, should I return without my task accomplished. I seemed to see fingers pointing at me out of the darkness, but my own will power and determination urged me on.

I finally stumbled upon a grave I thought to be the one and made sure my surmise by making out the name of Hawkins on the marble headstone by means of a faint ray of light stealing in among the leaves of the trees. As I arose from my stooping posture, I heard a rustling among the grasses and imagined all sorts of creeping things to be approaching. The marble tombstones around me were like white robed ghosts silently awaiting their time to act.

My blood was chilled and limbs trembled, but nevertheless, I was bent on my purpose. With shaking hands, I picked up a stake and small stone I had sceured in the meadow and began driving down on the stake beside the grave.

With every pound of the stone there was an echo that sounded like hollow voices warning me of a terrible thing to come.

At last the stake was solidly driven down and with a rapidly betaing heart I started to rise. Oh, horror! my blood was turned cold, my voice failed me, my hands frantically clutched the air. I was held fast. I could not move. My power of thought deserted me and my muscles seemed frozen. For a moment I must have remained thus, staring into the darkness. Then, by a marvelous effort, I again tried to rise and again I felt the same tug at my dress. I uttered a piercing scream and fell senseless to the ground.

I know not how long I remained thus, but when again my senses returned I was at home in bed with my sister sitting beside me, gently bathing my forehead.

She interpreted the question on my lips and told me how, after the lapse

of three hours, my friends alarmed at my prolonged absence, set out for the cemetery armed with clubs and lanterns. She told me how they had found me lying on the ground with the stake I had driven in the ground also driven through the hem of my dress. They had rightly supposed the holding of my dress to be the cause of my great terror and thus the cause of my swoon. Then they had carried me home.

After listening to the story I dozed off again, to dream of a land where there were no dark graves, but all was sunshine and flowers.

RUBY SHULTZ, '22.

A HALLOWE'EN ADVENTURE

It was a perfect night for ghosts to promenade. The moon shone brightly and not a cloud could be seen.

Edna and Eduard were alone in the big house and since this was Hallowe'en of course they told ghost stories.

Eduard then dared Edna to go and walk through the cemetery. Edna hesitated, but finally accepted the dare, for although she was afraid, she would not let Eduard know it.

When Edna was nearing the cemetery she heard strange noises, and her first thought was to return home, but she knew Eduard would call her a "fraidy cat," so she went on.

After Edna had left the house Eduard wished he had not dared her.

What if something should happen to her, what would his mother and father say? But he assured himself that nothing would harm her.

Having found a sheet and pillow case Eduard departed. He cut across the field, running as fast as he could toward the cemetery.

This beautiful moonlight night Eduard and Edna were not the only ones at the cemetery. Some boys were also there for the same purpose.

As Edna went through the gate she saw something white in the distance and thinking it a tombstone she went on, determined to carry out her dare. As she came nearer the white figure it made strange noises and moved toward her. Edna screamed and ran away.

The boys on hearing the screams ran to where the ghost was. They decided to teach him a lesson, so tearing off his white robe they led him away and tied him to a tree and danced around him, making noises like owls. Eduard was certainly frightened by the strange white figures.

After dancing around him for some time they sat down in front of him, forming a semi-circle.

One of the ghosts arose and in a tone that made cold chills run down Eduard's back, asked what they should do to the young prisoner as a punishment. It was decided to cut off his ears, shave his head, brand his forehead and send him home. But just as the strange figures were about to punish him, the fire

whistle gave a loud shriek and all the white figures threw away their white robes and ran to see where the fire was.

Eduard ran home and resolved never to scare anyone again.

CYRILLE DUNCAN, '23.

A DREAM

One day as I was studying English I fell asleep and had a most remarkable dream. I dreamed that I was going on a trip. I went to Chicago and while there saw many people whom I knew. The most interesting two were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hartman, the latter being a former Waterloo girl, Betty Warner. Mr. Hartman was a great cartoonist and was making good.

I next went to Denver and stopped at the "Elk Club Inn." I was only there a few hours until I found out that David Eberly owned the Inn. I inquired where his office was and was taken to it. We had a pleasant visit.

In a few days I started for Salt Lake City. While on the train a porter came through. I thought his face was familiar. When he came back I recognized him to be Oliver Opdycke. I arrived at Salt Lake City and went straight to the beach. As I was walking along the shore I saw sitting in the sand a young girl whom I thought I knew. I walked closer and to my surprise it was my old pal Grace Knott. She took me to the hotel and told me her husband owned it. I asked whom she had married and she told me Wayne Goodwin. I visited with Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin a week and then started for San Francisco.

The scenery was certainly beautiful. I went to the zoo and there I saw Dick Dannells. He told me that he was keeper of the monkeys. He had wandered out there because Violet Eberly had broken his heart.

I proceeded on my way and went to one of the parks. I was walking along when a young girl bumped into me. She stopped and I recognized her to be my old friend Cyrille Duncan, who had married a circus man. She told me that the circus was going to be in San Francisco and that Mary Bonfiglio was traveling with them. She was in the side show, being the largest woman in the world. She now weighed 600 pounds, and Martha Carper the tallest in the world; she was 8 feet tall. I stayed in San Francisco a month and then started for Los Angeles.

While there I decided to go up on the mountains. I stopped at the first hotel. The next day after my arrival I started out for a walk and lost my way. Towards evening I spied a house, so I went up where it was and knocked on the door. The woman that opened the door was a former Waterloo girl—Genevieve Gloy. She and Wilbur were married and were living happily up in the mountains. I told them that I had lost my way and asked if Wilbur would take me back to the hotel. They told me I should stay until morning and then they would take me.

The next morning they took me back to the hotel as they had agreed to

do and then I bade them bood-bye. I went to my room and put on clean clothes and then went down and sat on the porch. An automobile drove up and two young people got out. It was Elsta Moudy and Tim Fee. I asked what they were doing there. They told me they were on their honeymoon. This surprised me.

I grew tired of the mountain life, so I went back to the city. I received a letter telling me to go to Pasadena, that the great opera singer, Aileen Fisher, was going to be there. I went and sure enough it was she. I visited with her and she told me she was going to Los Angeles and that I might ride with her in her automobile.

We arrived safe and then we started for the mountains. The next day we went walking. We came to one of the large cliffs and I wanted to see how far down it was and got too near the edge and just as I was falling off, the bell rang for English.

IVA MERGY, '24.

TWILIGHT

Twilight is falling now at last
Falling, falling, oh! so fast,
And the time we love so dear,
Shades of night are almost here.

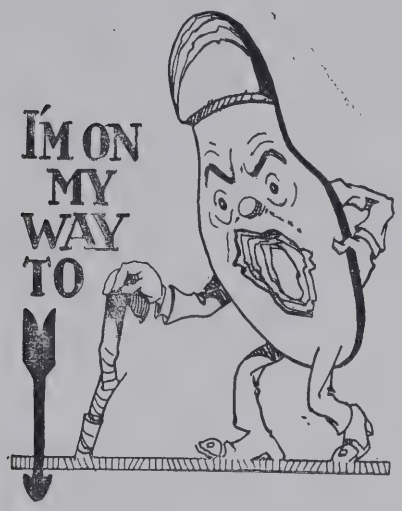
The cattle turn their heads toward home,
And I, no longer want to roam
The fields as in the heat of day,
The light is fading fast away.

The flowers their tiny petals close,
The workman seeks a night's repose.
A gentle rustle stirs the trees,
So gently blown by evening's breeze.

The birds wait quietly on Fate,
And chirp a good night to their mate.
The stars shine brightly now above,
Like flowers in God's garden of love.

LUCILE WHALING, '21.

SEPTEMBER

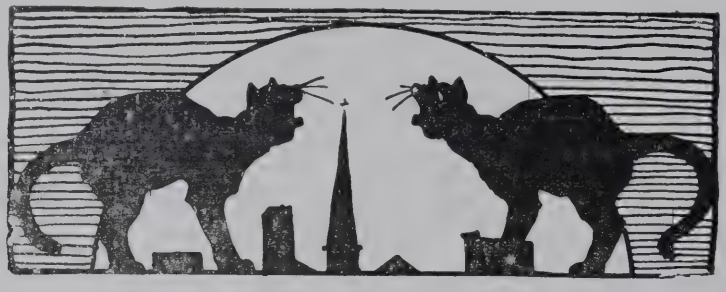


Monday, 13th—School begins today. Talks by the new teachers.
Tuesday, 14th—Miss Coy tells Jack his name looks like a question mark.
Wednesday, 15th—Real work begins.
Thursday, 16th—Mr. Moudy gives a lecture on the use of tobacco and parking of cars.
Friday, 17th—The classes and societies elect new officers.
Monday, 20th—Mr. Moudy is through lecturing.
Tuesday, 21st—It's too nice to go to school.
Wednesday, 22d—The Juniors are informed that they will not be allowed to take Senior subjects.
Thursday, 23rd—Many go to Kendallville Fair.
Friday, 24th—Oh, you test! (ask Seniors).
Monday, 27th—Rev. Lamport gives a talk this morning.
Tuesday, 28th—Miss Kroft means business when she assigns lessons.
Wednesday, 29th—We're looking for a speech.
Thurday, 30th—Cars are to be parked on school grounds (strict orders).

OCTOBER

Friday, 1st—Party at Edna's tonight and Mr. Moudy gives the Seniors a lecture on their "Social Functions."
Monday, 4th—Mr. Marshall, of Indiana Central University, gives several selections from Macbeth. They were enjoyed very much.
Tuesday, 5th—Rose C. wears Cox's picture and defends it.
Wednesday, 6th—Many out for Angola Fair.
Thursday, 7th—No school this afternoon on account of Auburn Fair.

Friday, 8th—No heat, so everyone goes to Auburn.
Monday, 11th—A window curtain falls on Miss Kroft's head.
Tuesday, 12th—Annual staff elected.
Wednesday, 13th—Miss Koons compliments (?) D. S. class on their language.
Thursday, 14th—"Phiz" tries to imitate Galli-Curci.
Friday, 15th—First Cicy program.
Monday, 18th—Juniors have unexpected History test.
Tuesday, 19th—Mr. Moudy defines feeble minded and slow people.
Wednesday, 20th—Charles Aldrich visits school today.
Thursday, 21st—Teachers have gone to Indianapolis for rest of week. Oh joy!
Monday, 25th—Wayne and Aileen both "shine" in history.
Tuesday, 26th—John Forney and Miss Coy have a little (?) argument.
Wednesday, 27th—Mr. Moudy gives a lecture on getting to school before the first bell rings, holding hands, chewing gum, etc.
Thursday, 28th—Elsta falls off chair in Library.



Friday, 29th—Hurrah for the Hallowe'en Party.

NOVEMBER

Monday, 1st—Everybody is feeling fine over the Auburn victory of Friday night.
Tuesday, 2d—Straw vote is taken.
Wednesday, 3rd—Miss Kroft loses her "Franklin."
Thursday, 4th—Ditto.
Friday, 5th—Zeda program.
Monday, 8th—Iva gets caught on Oliver's lap in room "C."
Tuesday, 9th—Senior class rings have arrived.
Wednesday, 10th—Gee, it's getting cold.
Thursday, 11th—The Juniors are invited to a six o'clock dinner tonight at Genevieve's.
Friday, 12th—The girls did away with their "cootie garages" for one day, but never again!
Monday, 15th—Pictures, wish they would come every day.
Tuesday, 16th—Miss Coy tries out the Seniors' voices.
Wednesday, 17th—Junior Red Cross organized.
Thursday, 18th—We wonder if Genevieve could count all the notes she has received.

Friday, 19th—Miss Koons and Mr. Willey desert us.
Monday, 22d—Juniors have original stories for English.
Tuesday, 23rd—Original stories in English III.
Wednesday, 24th—Cicy program. Thanksgiving vacation begins tomorrow.
Monday, 29th—J. P. Thompson, of Boston, speaks on "Better Education in Indiana."
Tuesday, 30th—Martha is teaching school today.

DECEMBER

Wednesday, 1st—Junior boys get excited and start to class before the bell rings.
Thursday, 2d—Mrs. Frick is our first parent visitor.
Friday, 3rd—No school this afternoon—parent-teachers' meeting.
Monday, 6th—Miss Kroft has Caesar slides; we get out of some classes.
Tuesday, 7th—David pays more attention to Aileen than he does to Miss Kroft in English.
Wednesday, 8th—Everyone should go to the revival services tonight.
Thursday, 9th—Mr. Matson plays on the merry-go-round with the primary grades.
Friday, 10th—The agriculture boys go to the corn show at Auburn. Girls are lonesome.
Monday, 13th—Mr. Moudy decides not to keep daily grades in History, but give us three tests instead.
Tuesday, 14th—Dick gets sent from English for his "eternal interrupting."
Wednesday, 15th—Lucile gave one yelp when John Mc dropped the mouse beside her desk.
Thursday, 16th—Miss Coy is getting good—she read the Juniors a story in Botany.
Friday, 17th—The Freshmen entertain the Sophomores tonight.
Monday, 20th—The Domestic Science girls make candy. Mr. Moudy is very much interested.
Tuesday, 21st—Miss Coy feels funny for once.
Wednesday, 22d—Tim Fee is elevated—he has a case with a Senior girl.
Thursday, 23rd—We sing "Xmas Carols" at U. B. tonight.
Friday, 24th—Zeda program. School closes for Xmas vacation.

THE ROSEBUD

JANUARY

Monday, 3rd—Vacation is over. Pictures this morning.

Tuesday, 4th—The Drs. commence to examine the pupils this morning.

Wednesday, 5th—The Seniors get their Physics papers back all decorated. Wasn't Mr. Watson good?

Thursday, 6th—Wonder who threw all this chalk around?

Friday, 7th—Everyone says "Pardon me."

Monday, 10th—Carolyn is warned to be careful of her language. (She didn't know anyone was near.)

Tuesday, 11th—Miss Kroft felt like slapping Herbert in English. Wonder why she didn't?

Wednesday, 12th—Mary Speer thinks cedar apples are cider apples.

Thursday, 13th—Wonder why John McG. and Paul were late this morning.

Friday, 14th—The Junior and Senior boys are asked to keep the paper off the floor.

Monday, 17th—Everyone cramming for exams.

Tuesday, 18th—Exams.

Wednesday, 19th—Exams; Miss Coy is all eyes.

Thursday, 20th—Exams.

Friday, 21st—The end—Oh, joy!

Monday, 24th—Dawson Quaintance starts to school again.

Tuesday, 25th—The Seniors all have their English lesson for once.

Wednesday, 26th—Song books arrive. We sing.

Thursday, 27th—Genevieve and Wilbur in hall as usual.

Friday, 28th—The Zedas and Cicies nominate their candidates for president and secretary.

Mosday, 31st—A speech on "Commercial Efficiency."

FEBRUARY

Tuesday, 1st—Mr. Moudy is full of his subject, which is artillery.

Wednesday, 2d—New fire alarm installed.

Thursday, 3rd—Director for Fi-Fi has arrived.

Friday, 4th—No more Senior English for a while.

Monday, 7th—Willey is back. Hurrah for his wife.

Tuesday, 8th—Only one period of bookkeeping.

Wednesday, 9th—Sophomores have new text books. (Sears and Roebuck catalogues.)

Thursday, 10th—It never rains but it pours.

Friday, 11th—Irene W. discusses "Monkeys" in Botany III.

Monday, 14th—Herbert W. is free with his Valentines.

Tuesday, 15th—Clarence F. is anxious to sit beside Mary S.

Wednesday, 16th—Rehearsals!!

Thursday, 17th—First night of Fi-Fi.

Friday, 18th—A little trouble over a name in a boy's book.

Monday, 21st—Mr. Moudy chokes off singing proposition.

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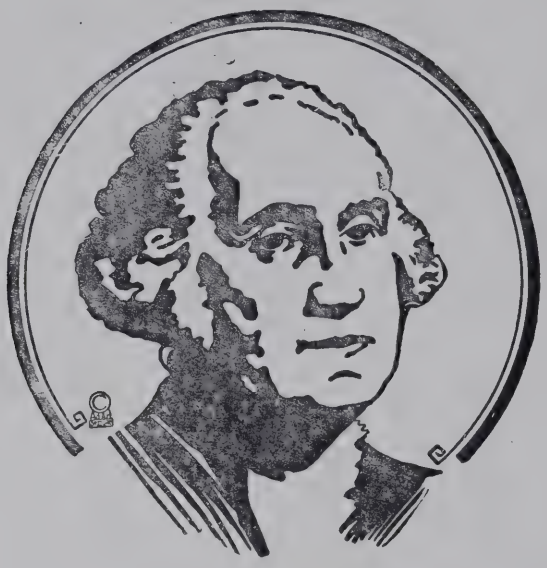

Tuesday, 22d—Miss Kroft would like us to follow some of Washington's "rules."
Wednesday, 23rd—B. B. teams go to Garrett.
Thursday, 24th—Freshmen calendar keeper is changed.
Friday, 25th—Last B. B. game of season.
Monday, 28th—Senior class has the "Ennui."

MARCH

Tuesday, 1st—A meat cutting demonstration. Mr. Willey learns how to buy meat for his wife.
Wednesday 2d—Herbert gives a talk on "the passing of a bill in the Legislature."
Thursday, 3rd—Class pictures taken today.
Friday, 4th—Tournament at Auburn—many absent.
Monday, 7th—Mr. Moudy congratulates the boys on their good work at the tournament.
Tuesday, 8th—Senior girls go to Auburn for pictures.
Wednesday, 9th—Mr. Moudy interested in cake baking.
Thursday, 10th—"Something is rotten in Denmark." No! Physics laboratory!
Friday, 11th—Rev. Martin and his singer gave a very interesting program this morning.
Monday, 14th—Rain. Rain. Rain.
Tuesday, 15th—Everyone out with kodaks.
Wednesday, 16th—Subjects for Theses are given out.
Thursday, 17th—St. Patrick's Day. Everyone wears green.
Friday, 18th—Zeda party. Mr. Matson is quarantined.

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Monday, 21st—John McG. has his hair cut. Oh, death!
Tuesday, 22d—Herbert's feet accidentally (?) slipped from under him in English.
Wednesday, 23rd—John chews Herbert's ear in English four.
Thursday, 24th—Bob Widdicombe taught (?) our Bookkeeping.
Friday, 25th—Zeda program.
Monday, 28th—Mr. Matson is welcomed back.
Tuesday, 29th—Waldo H. thinks man might have degenerated.
Wednesday, 30th—Clyde Fales visits school, Mary S. interested.
Thursday, 31st—Boys go to conference at Albion.

APRIL

Friday, 1st—Parent-Teachers' meeting this afternoon.
Monday, 4th—Botany III. goes to woods.
Tuesday, 5th—The boys who went to Albion tell of their trip.
Wednesday, 6th—The boys lay out the tennis court.
Thursday, 7th—Did anyone play hookey? Ask Wilbur H.
Friday, 8th—Parts are assigned for the operetta.
Monday, 11th—No janitor, everyone freezes.
Tuesday, 12th—A visitor from Angola studying our high school methods.
Wednesday, 13th—Miss Kroft and Mr. Moudy go away. Oh, joy!
Thursday, 14th—The Seniors are all getting religious. They were sprinkled today—it's raining.
Friday, 15th—Cicy program stopped on account of darkness, to be continued next Thursday.
Monday, 18th—The Seniors have a hard time deciding on covers on Annual.
Tuesday, 19th—The Zedas try the Cicies and find them guilty.
Wednesday, 20th—Seniors play with glass rod in Physics.

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Thursday, 21st—The rest of Cicy program.
Friday, 22d—Last lesson in Civics book.
Monday, 25th—Many Seniors go to sleep. Wonder why?
Tuesday, 26th—Did anyone say, "Play hookey"? Oh, no!
Wednesday, 27th—Miss Coy bawls us out for making so much noise in the assembly.
Thursday, 28th—Ask the Sophomores if they ever rode on a pony.
Friday, 29th—One more week gone.

MAY

Monday, 2d—Hugh is at school before first bell rings.
Tuesday, 3d—Lucile forgets to jaw because someone, besides herself, is talking in Bookkeeping.
Wednesday, 4th—John and Herbert refrain from loving each other in English for once.
Thursday, 5th—A picture, "The Miracle Man," is given for the benefit of Annual.
Friday, 6th—Zeda program.
Monday, 9th—Too nice to go to school.
Tuesday, 10th—Hard practice on operetta.
Wednesday, 11th—Sally spills a bottle of Mechanical Drawing ink.
Thursday, 12th—Mr. Matson gets cross once.
Friday, 13th—Operetta tonight, "Polished Pebbles."
Monday, 16th—Don't Tim look pretty without his paint!
Tuesday, 17th—Xmas spoils a plate in Mechanical Drawing.
Wednesday, 18th—Sang "John Brown" for last time.
Thursday, 19th—Kenneth H. has his Geometry for once.
Friday, 20th—We take a few souvenir pictures.
Sunday, 22d—Baccalaureate Address.
Monday, 23d—Exams.
Tuesday, 24th—Junior-Senior reception.
Wednesday, 25th—Miss Kroft gives John his last bawling out.
Thursday, 26th—Commencement.
Friday, 27th—Seniors bid farewell to the W. H. S.
Saturday, 28th—Pleasure trips.

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Nettie Kelley, '85, died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., August 10, 1891.
Nellie J. Carpenter, '91, died at Waterloo, Ind., October 30, 1892.
Edward E. Mitchell, '89, died at Kendallville, Ind., September 30, 1895.
Lena A. Rempis, '95, drowned in Crooked Lake, Steuben County, Ind., August 12, 1898.
Abbie Sinclair, '87, died of consumption at Pasadena, Calif., July 11, 1900.
Alice Fisher, '99, died at Waterloo, Ind., May 15, 1902.
Dr. Bernard M. Ackman, '90, died at Bethany Park, Morgan County, Ind., May 17, 1903.
Arthur Bonnell, '99, died at Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. Ruth Closson Scoville, '99, died in California.
Lulu Knisely, '08, died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., June 7, 1909.
Mrs. Jennie Swartz Fletcher, '96, died from burns at Waterloo, Ind., October 5, 1909.
James Matson, '12, died of typhoid fever at Bloomington, Ind., April 20, 1914.
Clark Williamson, '01, died at Waterloo, Ind., of consumption April 26, 1913.
Edna Broughton Swartz, '11, died at Kendallville, Ind., April 18, 1918.
Vera Newcomer, '16, died at Fort Wayne February 18, 1919.
Glen Stamets, '09, died at Minerva, Ohio, July 27, 1919.
Daisy McBride-Cooper, '89, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1920.
Cora Hill Baumgardner, '94, died near Waterloo, Ind., October 1, 1920.
DeVon Bartholomew, '19, killed in aeroplane accident near Orland, Ind., October 3, 1920.

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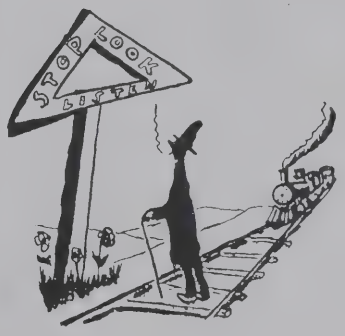

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